THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA

Vol. 77 — PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 425 ARCH STREET — Philadelphia, Saturday, January 15, 1898 — FIVE CENTS A COPY $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE — No. 29

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

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THE GARDEN OF TEARS.

BY W. W.

The journey of life is lonely,
And few are its wayside flow'rs;
And often hearts crave only
The calm of the twilight hours.

When, just as our work-day closes,
And just as the night is nigh,
As sweet as a keepsake rose is,
Come dreams of the days gone by;

When Memory's touch will waken
The hopes of our early years
Dear blossoms that Time has taken,
And laid in the Garden of Tears.

Oh, garden of treasures faded,
Though bare be our path to-day,
Though cold be our Autumn shaded,
You speak of a hopeful May.

You speak, and we love to listen,
Oh, buds of a Springtime fled,
With eyes that again must glisten,
And cheeks that again grow red.

With hearts that again are beating
In time to a song of love,
With joy in the moments fleeting,
And faith in the skies above.

It may be, when all is ended,
And sorrow is lost to sight,
The buds that our tears have tended
Shall bloom in the Land of Light.

AN IDLE DAY.

BY C. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

AND during those golden autumn days a new world opened up for Phebe; a glorified world wherein she dwelt with a fairy prince, whose eyes spoke a language she hardly at first understood, but the touch of whose lips thrilled through every nerve in her body, causing her joy unspeakable.

The girl grew in beauty day by day, expanding like a flower beneath the sunshine of her lover's caresses, till he told her, laughing, that she fairly dazzled him. She was a little witch, and he would have to lock her up to prevent her from exercising her spells on some other poor fellow.

But it was strange how pale and haggard Captain Kingston himself became; and with what feverish anxiety he began, as September drew to a close, to watch the postman every morning.

His thoughts, indeed, seemed divided between his letters and his love—the postman and Phebe, Phebe and the postman—and then, at last, the blow fell; the news he had been expecting, and fearing, arrived. It came in the form of an official document, and as he tore it open, his face grew white as death. "In what way!" he ejaculated; "how am I to tell her?"

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It was very lovely in the woods. Outside the shelter of the trees the sun was shining with almost midsummer warmth, but here it was all peace and green depths.

The air was filled with the fresh damp smell of the meadow-sweet, and the faint subtle perfume of the pines. Underfoot, pine needles lay as thick as Persian carpet, while overhead the tree tops arched and met; shafts of light here and there breaking through the gloom and forming fantastic, dancing patterns on the moss and roots.

Basil Kingston, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, never removed his sad, despairing gaze from Phebe's radiant face; and she, on the soft turf at his feet, her arms crossed on her knees, was smiling up at him—the happy smile of perfect confidence and love.

But presently she noticed that he was pale, silent, preoccupied, and with pretty solicitude began asking if he were ill, if he had taken cold or had a headache.

"No, my darling, no," he answered, and added, in tones tender as a caress, "Little Phebe, I shall have to go away."

"Oh, no," she said, playfully clutching his arm. "I will not let you go, Basil!"

He had taught her to say his name, but she still hesitated shyly over it. She thought now that he was merely alluding to their daily parting, and she laughed softly, shaking back the clustering curls on her brow. Her innocent gaiety, her pretty cajolery, made Basil's task doubly hard.

"My darling, I am not joking—would to heaven that I were! This morning I received my marching orders, and I must leave for London to-night."

"Leave me!" she faltered, all her pretty color fading, her eyes growing wide and dark.

"My child, I must. I am a soldier, you know, and have to obey orders. My regiment sails in less than a week, and —— Why, Phebe, little Phebe! Oh, hush, hush, my darling!"

She had fallen forward with her head on his breast, and was sobbing piteously. This put the finishing touch to his remorse.

"I cannot let you go, Basil—oh, I cannot!" she wailed.

"My sweet, you make it harder for me," he murmured, kissing the eyes that a moment ago had been so smiling and happy. "God knows I would stay with you if I could."

"Then," she cried, with a reckless abandon, "if you cannot stay with me, take me with you! Oh, Basil, take me with you! I shall die if you leave me behind."

There was a dead and dreadful silence. It lasted but a second, yet it seemed an hour before Basil spoke, his voice sounding curiously calm and passionate.

"There is only one way, only one; but if you will trust yourself to me, I swear you shall never regret it. Are you brave enough to defy the world's censure for my sake? Will you come away with me, little Phebe, knowing the truth?"

"The truth!" she echoed, raising herself to read in his eyes the meaning his voice had failed to convey. "Ah, Basil, you frighten me. What is it?"

"It is—may heaven forgive me for deceiving you—that I have a wife living!"

With a look that Basil Kingston will remember to his dying day, she fell back in his arms, white and trembling "My mother!" was all she said, staring at him strangely.

And he, crushing the lovely, anguished eyes against his breast, pressing his lips to the soft hair and cheeks, could not speak for the painful swelling that rose in his throat, the bitter self-reproach that choked his utterance.

How long he held her thus, closely clasped to his throbbing heart, neither ever knew. The twilight grew into darkness; the stars came out one by one; the harvest moon rose in golden splendor; but still they sat there, locked in each other's arms; the pines alone, mystic and solemn, bearing witness to the silent agony of those two human souls.

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Late the following night a tall, soldierly-looking man with a stern, set face, walked into Lady Geraldine Kingston's box at Covent Garden Theatre and took a vacant chair behind her.

"Good gracious, Basil!" she exclaimed, turning round, "how you startled me! Why, what in the world's the matter?" she went on, staring at him curiously through her gold-rimmed eye-glasses. "You look like a ghost."

"Do I? I can't say the same for you."

"Really? Well, I was afraid Cecile had been a little heavy-handed with the rouge to-night. Am I quite a fright?" she asked with easy confidence.

He looked over her deliberately, indifferently, taking in every detail of her costly, elaborate toilette—the rich carmine on her cheeks and lips; the flashing jewels on her bare arms and neck; the elegant coiffure.

And even as he did so, there rose up before him the vision of a blue-clad girlish figure, with a big hat resting on her bright curls; a sweet Greuze-like face and a delicately radiant complexion.

"Well," cried an impatient, fretful voice, "can't you make up your mind whether I look a fright or not?"

"You never look a fright, Geraldine," her husband answered coldly. "I came here to-night to say——"

But at that moment her attention was claimed by the gentleman at her side, and Basil leaned back in his chair with folded arms, a look of intense suffering on his face.

Presently his wife turned to him again with an unpleasant smile. "After all," she said, "you need not have made the sacrifice."

"What sacrifice?"

"Do you suppose everyone did not know why you left London so suddenly? Mademoiselle, however, quickly consoled herself for your absence, so that your quixotic notion of saving the reputation of the charming danseuse met with——"

"Geraldine!" he broke in fiercely, "can you talk of nothing else but scandal? Does your mind never soar above the frailty and falsity of your own sex?"

She laughed airily.

"You are a little too funny to-night; but since you ask the question I will confess that my thoughts do occasionally stray beyond a woman's weakness—even as far as a man's wickedness!" She leaned forward, laying a daintily-gloved hand on the shoulder of a man in front. "Lord Chevenix," she said, with scarcely veiled insolence, "allow me to introduce you to my husband in a new character—a preacher of morality—and, as you see, the role does not suit him. He looks——"

"As if he had seen a ghost," put in his lordship promptly, turning to shake hands with Basil.

"Just what I said!" exclaimed Lady Geraldine.

"So I have," he replied hoarsely, his eyes dark with emotion—"the ghost of what might have been. The life you live here is artificial, unworthy—I'm sick of it!"

"Since when?" murmured a voice in his ear, and a lady who had just entered bent upon him a pair of mocking, mischievous eyes.

Captain Kingston rose, offering her his seat. "Since you played 'Queen Guinevere' to my 'Sir Lancelot,'" he replied brutally, in the same low tone, and with a curt bow he left the box.

He saw his wife, later, as she swept to her carriage, leaning on the arm of an Austrian Count. "Ah, Basil!" she said, sweetly, "are you, too, leaving? Well, good night!"

"It is good-bye, Geraldine. I have received orders to join at once; we sail the end of the week."

"So soon? Good-bye, then!" and with a careless nod she passed on. And this was the woman whom Basil Kingston had once thought he loved, whose statuesque beauty he had deemed the perfection of female loveliness.

He never dreamed that so fair a casket could hold aught but the purest gem; and he was young enough, and credulous enough, then, to take her protestations of affection for himself seriously.

He found her vain, selfish, frivolous, heartless; and before the honeymoon was well over he had to acknowledge to himself that on the very threshold of life he had made an irreparable mistake.

If, instead of having been merely dazzled and ensnared, he had really loved her he might have set to work to discover the good which, be it much or little, exists in all God's creatures—and made the best and the most of it. As it was they drifted steadily apart; though living in the same house, the poles could not be further asunder.

The daughter of an impoverished Earl, Lady Geraldine Fermoy had up to the time of her marriage, been denied much that she coveted. She then made up for lost time; plunging wildly into the vortex of society; becoming a leader of fashion in a certain fast section of it; driving tandem in the park; following the hounds; dancing, flirting, and caring nothing what became of the man whose money she spent so freely.

Lady Geraldine was, indeed, perfectly satisfied with her bargain. She had married for money, and as her husband made her an ample allowance she had nothing left to wish for. She never allowed anything to interfere with her day's enjoyment or her night's rest. She was, in short, a beautiful, soulless creature, destitute alike of sympathy and love.

As for Basil Kingston, his faith in all women broken because of the evil behavior of one, he went on his way, if not rejoicing, at least indifferent, cynical, contemptuous. He richly revenged himself on the sex by which he had been duped.

Possessing over women a magnetic power he exercised it without scruple—conquering them, scorning them, treating them as his slaves; and remaining unscathed himself, until the purity and sweetness of Phebe Little woke within him feelings the strength and intensity of which completely overwhelmed him.

"He, the victor, was in turn, vanquished. His love for the little unsophisticated country maiden became the one absorbing passion of his life. Had a kind fate thrown her earlier across his path, who shall say that the record of Basil Kingston's life might not have been writ in letters of gold? Or who, knowing the circumstances of his marriage, but would hold Lady Geraldine as only one degree less responsible than himself for the sins he committed?

* * * * * * *

An Indian sun is pouring down its hottest, fiercest rays upon a fair city on the banks of the Ganges; scorching the pavements where white-robed priests and beggars swarm, and huge Brahmin bulls are not only tolerated but protected; dazzling the eyes of crowds of pilgrims as they wend their way to one or other of the many temples with which the place abounds; and making resplendent the bright and varied tints of the costumes worn by the natives.

Rows of white bungalows, enclosed within gardens, do not escape its pitiless glare; and in one of these houses, two officers in undress uniform are lounging when the English mail is brought in.

One of the men tossed his letters carelessly aside, as of no importance, and took up the paper. The other speedily became absorbed in his correspondence. Presently a startled exclamation, followed by the upsetting of a small wicker table, causing the latter to look up, then to rise hastily and cross to his friend's side.

"What is it, Kingston?" he inquired anxiously. "The heat? Here, drink this."

But Captain Kingston pushed the glass to one side and staggered to his feet, clutching the back of a chair for support.

"Munro," he said, speaking low and rapidly, "I want to go to England at once. You have influence with the Colonel—will you use it on my behalf and obtain me three months' leave on urgent private affairs? I should be indebted to you for more than life."

"My dear fellow, of course! Bad news, eh? There, you can explain another time. I will see the Colonel at once and—what's that you say? Send in your papers if I fail? Nonsense! I shan't fail. You look a fit subject for sick leave." And to himself Major Munro added, as he left the room:

"Never saw a fellow so fallen off in my life. Well, he gets his leave, for, woman or no woman, we cannot afford to lose one of the smartest officers in the service, and another week here would kill him, I verily believe."

And this is what Basil Kingston read in the newspaper:

Fatal Accident In The Hunting Field.

We regret to announce that Lady Geraldine Kingston, while hunting with the Galway hounds in the neighborhood of Athenry, was thrown from her horse, receiving injuries which resulted in death taking place almost immediately.

Letters, and a delayed telegram, confirmed the news. And in a corner of the same paper a brief paragraph told of the death, in the little Hampshire village, of Mr. John Morel.

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The wind was whistling and moaning through the trees in the plantation, and soft flakes of snow were beginning to fall, as Basil Kingston turned into the lane, and, passing the Hall with scarcely a glance, pushed open the gate of Lime Cottage.

An indescribable air of gloom and melancholy seemed to pervade the place; the path was thickly strewn with dead leaves, which crackled beneath his feet as he strode along to the front door, and in spite of his heavy fur-lined coat he was shivering as if with ague, he could scarcely steady his hand sufficiently to pull the bell.

"Miss Little?" he said, as soon as a servant appeared in response to his summons.

"Very ill, sir; not able to see anyone."

"She will see me." He stepped into the hall, and taking a card from his pocket wrote a few words on it. "Take this to your mistress," he said to the astonished girl; "I will wait here."

He sank exhausted into a chair and tried to pull himself together. He was faint from loss of sleep and food; his mental faculties seemed slipping from him, and that cruel inward voice which had accompanied him all the way from India kept up its maddening refrain, "Too late! too late!"

When the servant returned and invited him to go upstairs, he followed her in a dazed sort of way, like a man walking in his sleep, till they came to a curtained door at the end of a passage.

He noticed the curtain because it was blue, just the color, he thought, of little Phebe's frock; and he remembered taking off, mechanically, his traveling cap and coat and laying they on a side-table.

Then the door was opened from the inside, and a motherly-looking woman motioned him to enter, herself passing out and closing the door behind her.

He stood for a moment just within the room, trying to recollect who he was and what he had come there for. How hot it was. A deadly faintness was creeping over him, dulling his senses and making everything appear blurred and indistinct.

What was that? Ah, of course! Now he understood it all. The heat proceeded from a large fire burning in the grate over there, and that noise was caused by falling cinders.

Gradually objects became clear to him, and he saw that he was in a comfortable apartment, half bedroom, half sitting-room; a shaded lamp was burning on a centre table, and on a couch, drawn up close to the hearth, a girl in soft white draperies was reclining, the rich masses of her gold-brown hair tumbling in picturesque disorder about the pillows—a girl so frail, so shadowy, with a face so ethereal, that an icy hand seemed to clutch his heart as he gazed spellbound at her.

"Gracious!" he ejaculated, great beads of perspiration gathering on his brow. "That—my Phebe! Little Phebe!"

And the next moment he was on his knees beside the couch, for a pair of great, sweet, star-like eyes had opened full upon him, and a faint voice had uttered his name.

"Basil," she said, with oh! such a world of tenderness in the low accents; and as he took her into his arms, bending his lips to hers, the death-like pallor of her face gave place to a faint pink tinge.

"Have you been ill?" she questioned presently, raising a transparent hand to stroke his cheeks.

"No, my darling, no! Wearying for you, that was all. You have not been absent from my thoughts for a moment, sweetheart; and as soon as ever I was free—— Phebe! Little Phebe! Oh, gracious, I have killed her!"

She lay back in his arms, white and motionless, scarcely seeming to breathe; but the frail thread that bound her to life had not snapped.

God, in His great mercy, had decreed otherwise; and Phebe was to enjoy, as only those who have tasted its sweetness can enjoy, the exquisite bliss of a lover's return after long absence.

"So long it has seemed, Basil, so long," she murmured, keeping her eyes always fixed on his face. "But I waited, as you told me, and I tried to be patient. I said I would be true to you, Basil, till death."

"Hush, hush, my beloved! Who talks of death? I am going to nurse you back to health; to marry you as soon as ever you are well enough. Do you hear me, my darling? I am free, free to make you my own little wife. I have traveled day and night to tell you so, and we will never be parted more."

He was fighting madly, fiercely, desperately, with the truth that he fancied he saw written so clearly on the girl's wan face.

He strained her passionately to his breast; he would not let her go, she should not die. And, indeed, it seemed as if the pressure of his lips gave new life to Phebe. She lifted her weak arms and clasped them round his neck.

"Mine, Basil; all my own at last!" she breathed, a great joy transfiguring her face.

"And, my little one, darling of my heart, will she forgive her poor Basil the pain and suffering he——" A great sob rose in his throat, choking further utterance.

"Forgive you, Basil! Ah, you made my life beautiful—so beautiful! Such happiness you gave me as I had never even dreamed of. You were my king—I loved you—and I could not—live—without you. I loved—I—— Ah—Basil!——"

* * * * * * *

The nurse waiting in the adjoining room was roused from the doze into which she had fallen by a terrible cry—a heartbroken, despairing cry—that rang through the silent house.

The nurse, even before she opened the door of the sick room, knew instinctively what had occurred. The excitement, as she feared, had been too much for her child, who had fallen into one of those death-like swoons which had taxed all the doctor's skill and resource to combat.

She found her charge stretched apparently lifeless on the couch; and, no doubt under the impression that Phebe was dead, Basil Kingston had fallen senseless to the floor.

She set about applying the usual remedies, but without producing any effect; and she was growing seriously alarmed, when the doctor's welcome step was heard on the stairs. The next moment he entered the room.

In a few words the nurse explained what had happened, and the doctor, after a keen glance at Basil, devoted himself to Phebe.

"She will do now," were the first words Basil heard, as consciousness slowly returned; "and I don't anticipate any further trouble of this nature. Happiness is a wonderful restorer—to Miss Phebe; it is life itself.

"But let her be kept as quiet as possible, she will probably sleep till morning if nothing occurs to disturb her, and you may then feed her with beef tea, a spoonful at a time, not more, though, unless I am greatly mistaken, you will be surprised at her appetite."

He turned to Basil, who had been lifted on to the couch.

"Squire Kingston, did you say? Ah, he's coming round. Give him the brandy—so! Dear me, the poor fellow is almost in as bad a case as his sweetheart. I should say he had not broken his fast for twenty-four hours.

"Now, how's that? You feel a little better, eh? What's that you say? Miss Little dead! Nonsense—nothing of the sort! Merely a faint. Am I sure? Perfectly sure. You may see for yourself as soon as you are able to rise. You are able now? Come, then, lean on my arm. Steady, there now—that's right."

Dr. Peirce had seen strange and moving sights in his time, but he thought he had never seen anything more pathetic than this pair of lovers, who had positively been dying for love of one another.

"Well," he whispered gruffly, to hide his emotion, "are you satisfied? If all goes well, I hope to have my patient downstairs in a week or ten days. What's that? You will take her abroad for the remainder of the winter and spring? Exactly—a capital idea! Trust the man in love to know what is best for his sweetheart."

And the kind old doctor, after assuring himself that the Squire was prepared to do justice to the good things provided for him, wrung his hand and departed.

"What a pair of lovers!" he ejaculated, as he stepped into his carriage; and there was a suspicious moisture about his eyes as he added, "Absolutely dying for one another!"

And Basil Kingston fell asleep that night with a prayer on his lips, and an expression on his face that meant even more than the prayer.

On the Bark.

BY R. D.

"THERE is something about this case I do not at all like. I have seen the patient only once; he is dead, and I am asked to certify the cause of death to be failure of the heart's action. All death is due to the failure of the heart's action; but in this case of young Craymore I am not prepared for death.

"Besides, why, five minutes ago, when I called at Parkhurst House, did his father oppose my seeing the body? I certainly shall give no certificate until I am perfectly satisfied as to how the young man comes to be dead when I examined him.

"I did not take him for a dying man. He might have died of a great shock; but his father said nothing just now of a shock, great or little. He merely told me his son was found dead in bed this morning, and that the end must have come hours before, as the body was then cold.

"Indeed! Why, how do I know that the young fellow is really dead? I have nothing but old Mr. Craymore's word for it. Well, there will be no certificate until I have the evidence of my own senses. I said I'd call again in an hour. I may as well wander about the wood. 'Tisn't often I get a stroll through a wood in winter."

Such were the unspoken works into which my reflections ran that memorable February morning, after leaving Parkhurst House, the residence of Mr. Thomas Craymore.

The house stood a mile from the village of Longfield, where I was then taking the practice of old Dr. Robinson, during his absence as an invalid in the south.

I was fully qualified, had some experience and money in my pocket, to buy a practice when I could discover a suitable one for sale.

It was not by accident I found myself at Longfield. The Reverend Henry Drayton, rector of the village, was my friend and his daughter Helen was the dearest friend I had in the world.

So sure did I feel that I never had or could have a dearer friend than Helen Drayton, that I had asked her to live all her life with me, and she and I were to be married as soon as a practice could be secured.

When Mr. Drayton heard Dr. Robinson had been ordered away, he suggested me as a substitute. So here had I been for a month, with the prospect of remaining until May.

I was a stranger in Longfield until I came there to take up the work.

Helen and her mother had been on a visit to town for a couple of months towards the end of the year before, and in those months I lost my heart to the best and loveliest girl.

A week before this morning walk in the winter wood I had been called in to see this young Craymore.

My patient proved to be a small, thin, wretched-looking young man of six-and-twenty, the very opposite of his big, burly, overbearing father.

I found nothing serious the matter beyond weakness and depression. I prescribed air and exercise, stimulating diet, and cheerful occupation.

Having assured him there was no cause for uneasiness and saying I would send a tonic, I took my leave, promising to call again in a week.

It struck me after leaving the house that my patient was singularly apathetic about himself, while his father exhibited what, for want of a better word, I call a brutal anxiety for the recovery of his son.

* * * * * * *

That evening I told Helen of my visit to Parkhurst House.

"Oh," said she with a smile, "have you been there? Father and son are the queerest pair in the neighborhood. Mrs. Craymore has been dead years, and George is the only child."

"Do you know them?" said I.

"By appearance, yes; but we are not acquainted with them. They don't know many people hereabouts, and I think each of them is a little cracked."

"Cracked!"

"Well, they are very odd, anyway. The father is absurdly proud of his blood. He is very poor, but claims to be entitled to the barony of Ashwood, now in abeyance. People call him derisively Lord Ashwood.

"He is so inflated by his claim that he will not associate with untitled people, and the few titled people within his reach are shy of him—he is such a bore about his wrongs and his pretensions. His notion for years has been that his son George should marry a rich wife and that the title should be recovered by the help of her money.

"I heard last month the rich wife has been found and that George Craymore is engaged to the daughter of a man who has made money in trade and is prepared to give a fortune of a hundred thousand. I pity the poor girl, whoever she may be."

"And the son?" said I; "what is the son's fad? Is he mad after the title too?"

"No. Father and son are wide as the poles asunder. The father bullies the son and makes him do just as he likes. But they say if the young man had his will he would never mention the peerage, that he would live in a cottage, marry some simple village maiden, and devote his time to his books and to growing roses.

"They say it was when his father found out he was writing poetry to some girl of the village that the old man insisted on the engagement with the rich man's daughter."

"And who is this village damsel of George's muse?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Helen with a laugh. "Nobody knows, but it is supposed to be the miller's pretty daughter, Susie Barnes. At all events, she is the prettiest girl in the village."

"Except one other," said I, kissing my darling.

That February morning it did not rain, but the air was heavy with moisture. The memory of that pleasant gossip with my sweetheart ran through my head as I sauntered under the dripping trees.

"And here," thought I, "is this poor young fellow done with love and verses for ever now, and his old bear of a father standing between me and all of what remains of his son. Why am I not to see the body? Why should the old man try to bounce me out of a certificate?"

As I asked myself these questions I drew up and looked around. I was standing under a large, low-spreading oak, away from any path and about half a mile from Parkhurst house.

Not a soul was in view, nothing but trees, trees, trees and—I glanced up over my head and stepped aside with a start.

From one of the main branches of the tree above me hung a rope.

"By Jove!" cried I aloud, "if I had any wish to follow young Craymore out of the world there's the means ready to my hand!"

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When the hour was up, I presented myself again at Parkhurst House. I was shown into the dining-room where I found the owner standing with his back to the fire.

"I have considered your application to see my son's body," said he pompously, "and I have decided not to grant it."

I bowed, saying, "If that is so, sir, I shall not be able to give a certificate. I have taken a walk since I saw you, and I have come to that conclusion."

His coarse face flushed, and I thought I heard him mutter, "Impudent puppy!" under his breath. "If your master was at home he would make no difficulty, sir," said he furiously.

"If the case were Dr. Robinson's," said I with deliberation, "it would be for him to exercise his discretion. The case is mine, and I mean to exercise my discretion."

He growled and shot at me a glance of

rage in which I thought I detected a trace of fear.

"You are exceeding your duty, sir, and the law does not oblige or empower you to see the dead."

"Permit me to be a judge of my duty, sir," said I severely, "and to know enough of the law for my purposes. Since I was here this morning I took a walk ——"

"I wish you had taken the plague!" he interposed savagely.

"——in the oak wood," I went on significantly, keeping my eyes fixed on him.

He started, and his face twitched.

"Then you have been trespassing, sir," he snapped out with an ugly drop of his heavy mouth.

I saw my trial shot had gone home. My suspicion was converted into certainty. I now proceeded with confidence.

"In the oak wood, about half a mile from this, I found a tree which excited my interest."

He glanced hastily at my clothes and hands, which were green from moss and brown from bark.

"Why, you've been breaking down my trees! Nice occupation for a person calling himself a professional man!" he shouted.

But there was a quaver at the end of the shout, and the brick-red face was turning yellow.

"I broke down none of your trees, sir, but I climbed one, from which I found suspended a rope, quite recently cut, at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground. That is the rope." I drew it from under my coat, and dropped it on the floor at his feet.

Groaning, he staggered from his place on the hearth-rug, and falling into an easy-chair covered his face with his hands.

"The fools!" he muttered. "The fools forgot to take away the rope when they cut down the body." Then moving his hands he looked up at me and said, in a broken voice—

"Dr. Hargrave, I ask your pardon for my shameful rudeness just now, and earlier to-day. My unfortunate boy hanged himself some time yesterday afternoon, and the body was found in the wood and brought home this morning. When I realized the awful fact that he was dead, I became possessed by a mad desire to hide the shame of the way he died. Now, I suppose, all must come out, for the satisfaction of a gaping, vulgar public."

"I fear there is no escaping an inquest," I said softly. The spectacle of the old man's agony, into which I felt sure remorse entered largely, struck me like a blow.

He was shaken to his centre, and in the first few minutes he spoke freely, and perhaps unconsciously, what was in his mind.

"He was the last of our race, and not like any of us. Until he came, all the Craymores were Craymores in body and mind. He took after his mother, who was a Tollington. With him goes my race and all the hope of the barony of Ashwood; with him the Craymores die. Now all is over with us for ever."

"There was a rumor," said I, clearing my throat and steadying my voice, "that he had a great admiration for a girl in the district. Do you know who she was?"

"He was infatuated," said the old man huskily, "about some girl of the village, but I never could find out her name. He spoke of her, and wrote poetry to her as Phyllis. I never could learn more about her. But what is the good of talking of such things now. He is dead, all is over with him and with my race."

An inquest was held, and, of course, I gave such medical evidence as went some way in helping the jury to bring in a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

I also swore to the finding of the rope in the wood. But I had found another thing in the wood about which I was asked no question; about which I have said no word to man or woman from the moment I found it to this hour.

* * * * * *

The tragic occurrence kept the village in talk for many a long day, and one of the greatest subjects of wonder was that the name of the village girl whose beauty had captivated the young man did not come out at the inquest or at any other time.

Helen, with half the villagers, was sure Susie Barnes was Phyllis, and after a while the miller's pretty daughter took no trouble to combat this belief.

In time the talk about the affair grew fainter and died out, and people had to put up with more commonplace subjects of gossip.

Before May, old Dr. Robinson had resolved to retire, and I bought the practice.

In June Helen and I were married, and next month I had settled down to my work.

In our married life no serious cloud has come between us. We are, I think, as near to being one as man and wife can hope to be. She tells me I have her whole love and confidence.

I know she has the whole of my heart and all my confidence—all my confidence save one fact, which I keep to myself for the sake of my dear one's peace and mind.

That dread morning when I climbed the tree to loose the rope I found on the branch to which the rope was fast a space bigger than my hand, from which the rough bark had been freshly cut, exposing the inner bark.

On the inner bark I found incised, "Helen Drayton was the Phyllis of G. C."

I tore that terrible inscription from its place, rent it into a thousand fragments, and scattered the fragments to the four winds.

For a Winter Evening.—A number of extremely simple and yet most wonderful looking tricks depend for their success upon mechanical truths, which, while really obvious enough, do not strike anyone at the first glance. Of these the three following may be taken as typical examples—

One of the simplest and at the same time most astonishing of them is: Where one person places his elbows close to his sides and the tips of the second finger of each hand together in front of him.

It then becomes absolutely impossible for a second person, no matter how strong he be, to pull the fingers apart while grasping the first one's wrist.

The secret of it is that the person attempting to draw the fingers apart cannot concentrate his strength on his fingers.

Another trick is equally interesting. You sit in a chair and rest the tips of the first finger of either hand on the top of your head.

Ask a person to raise the hand with a wrist hold. Sandow, with all his strength, could not lift the hand of a child.

He might raise the child from the floor if it had strength enough in its arm, but its finger would not be moved from its head.

The cause of this, as in the other trick, is that the strength of the person attempting to lift the finger is wasted on the arm from elbow to shoulder, and cannot be brought to bear on the finger.

A third trick is also simple, and shows how easily the strength in the fingers of any ordinary person's hand can part the fists of a Sandow.

Place your fists together, let another person strike simultaneously your left fist with one finger in a downward direction, and your right fist with one finger in an upward direction.

No matter how hard you press your fists together, they will fly apart. The secret of it is that you are unable to get a purchase, so to speak, while your fists are in this position.

Typographical Wags.—Some amusing examples are given of the humors of printers' composing rooms.

A theatrical critic, in a notice of a charming young actress, whose treatment of Portia had afforded him much pleasure, wrote, "Her love for Portia made acting easy."

That was right enough, but what the types made him say was, "Her love for Porter," etc.

A compositor, who was better acquainted with the geography of the West than with Biblical lore, set up the phrase, "From Alpha to Omega," as "From Alton to Omaha," and possibly found himself compelled to start for those places next morning.

In the earlier half of the present century it was announced in a London newspaper that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland," whereas the Minister and his friends were only indulging in the comparatively harmless pastime of peasant shooting.

Shortly after the battle of Inkerman, one of the morning papers informed its readers that after a desperate struggle the enemy was repulsed with great laughter."

What the bridesmaids at a recent wedding must have thought when they read that they had all worn "handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom," one can only guess.

But, whatever their thoughts may have been at seeing their pretty brooches thus transformed, their language at any rate cannot, we may assume, have matched that of a politician who read the following comment on one of his speeches—"Them asses believed him."

Possibly he was not much consoled by being assured that the reporter had merely wished to signify that "the masses believed him."

On another occasion a reporter wrote, "At these words the entire audience rose and rent the air with their snouts."

Thus They are Bald.—In the tropics turkey buzzards are the scavengers of towns, and are protected both by law and sentiment.

A lady, writing from Port Clarence, in the island of Fernando Po, gives a curious legend in regard to these birds, which is quite in the humor of the Spanish fancy.

These scavengers, as is pretty generally known, are bald-headed, and the Spaniards thus account for it.

They say that when the waters subsided after the Deluge, and Noah opened the door of the Ark to let out the passengers, that ancient mariner thought that he would give a parting word of advice to his fellow-voyagers, and beginning with the birds, he said—

"My children, when you see a man stoop down as he is coming towards you, fly away from him as quickly as you can, for he is picking up a stone to throw at you."

"That's all very well," exclaimed the turkey buzzard; "but suppose he has already got one in his sling?"

At this the patriarch, according to the fable, being nonplussed, became angry; and he decreed that from that time the turkey buzzard should go bald-headed in token of its unnatural sharpness.

With Numberless Eyes.—To say that a person "has eyes in the back of his head" has long been a recognized way of paying a high compliment to his powers of observing everything going on around him.

But the phrase when applied to insects becomes, as naturalists are well aware, simply a statement of facts.

Indeed, considering that very many insects indulge in eyes by the thousand, the head of a horsefly, for example, being literally made up of eyes alone, it would be strange if some of them had not to be relegated to the back of their owners' heads.

Thus it is said that if an ordinary dragon fly were placed in the centre of a globe he could see every part of it at once without moving his head.

And this insect, though possessing about 20,000 eyes, is a long way from being the most liberally endowed in this respect, the mordella beetle, for instance, comfortably beating him by some 5,000.

These eyes often give off prismatic colors, and under the microscope are very beautiful objects, looking like a section of honeycomb.

That each individual eye of the many thousand has its perfect lens system is proved by the fact that each makes a separate picture of any object placed before it.

Of course, a microscope is required to see these pictures, but they are very distinct and are known to microscopists as the "multiple image."

Faults.—To implant a love of anything pure and noble is a surer means of conquering base desires and preventing base actions than the most arduous conflict or the direst penalties.

Every good teacher knows that the best way to cure the moral delinquencies of his pupils is to excite a popular love of truth and a desire to be trusted in the school.

No court-marshal or provost-marshal's cord would stop thieving in a regiment or make a coward brave; but an esprit de corps and honor have done it again and again.

So in every case the faults which men bewail and which are so hard to conquer will melt away before the warmth of positive well-doing, as the dew vanishes before the morning sun.

The sun makes no fierce attack, enters into no conflict; it simply shines and diffuses the moisture, to be used again in other beneficent forms.

So positive righteousness, goodness, truth, and love shine, and by their simple presence diffuse and convert into useful forms the lower and what would otherwise be the baser tendencies of human nature.

The Dutch people consume more tobacco per head per annum than the people of any other country.

Bric-a-Brac.

Deft Smoking.—Japanese jugglers are deft smokers. Several of them will sit before a curtain, and, with the tobacco smoke which issues from their mouths, will form a succession of readable letters.

Burial and Cremation.—With the ancient Greeks both cremation of the dead and burial in the earth was practiced, though it is uncertain which was the more common. The ashes of the dead were sacredly preserved in urns. Among the Jews burial prevailed, as it has since among Christian nations.

House Rent in Arabia.—House rent in parts of Arabia is certainly not extravagantly high. One author mentions his taking a comfortable dwelling at Bereydah, possessed of two large rooms on the ground story and three smaller ones, besides a spacious courtyard surrounded by high walls, for which he paid forty cents a month.

Most are Very Old.—Most of the favorite rhymes of childhood are very old. "Sing a Song of Sixpence," was sung at least two hundred years ago. "Three Blind Mice," is to be found in a music book dated 1609. "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which "Yankee Doodle," was written, is several hundred years old.

The Chinese New Year.—The Chinese New Year does not coincide with our first of January, and occurs about the middle of February. It is the most important festival of their year. All work is suspended, and it is the correct thing to pay New Year calls. It is the custom, to send a servant to paste the card of the intending visitor upon the doors of all his acquaintances, and the effect of the doors, sometimes almost covered with visiting cards of various colors, is rather curious.

Caterpillers in Boxes.—A member fascinated the biology section of the British Association at its recent meeting with the results of his experiments on caterpillar hatching in pill boxes. The pepper moth was the particular insect which he experimented on, and his experiments show that, if you take an egg of one of these and grow it in a gilded pill box, you get a golden caterpillar. Again, if the pill box be black, so is the caterpillar; while a mixed environment produced a muddled creature, just as in man the environment of the slum or the palace pretty much determines a person's characteristics.

They Use Sharks' Teeth.—The natives of some of the Pacific islands, being provided with neither metals nor any stone harder than the coral rocks of which the atolls they inhabit are composed, would seem badly off indeed for material of which to make tools or weapons, were it not that their very necessity has bred an invention no less ingenious than curious and effective. This is nothing less than the use of sharks' teeth to give a cutting edge to their wooden knives and swords. The mouth of the shark contains three hundred teeth, arranged in rows, all not only pointed and keen-edged, but finely and regularly serrated, so that the cutting power is greatly increased. Indeed, so great a faculty have these teeth for wounding that the implements and weapons upon which they are used have to be handled by their owners with no little care.

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The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia

I WAS DREAMING.

BY M. P.

I was dreaming—I was dreaming—
  I thought your heart was mine.
Your loving glances met me
  With a tenderness divine.
My heart was madly beating
As our fingers locked in greeting;
How the raptures of that meeting
  Through the mists of Dreamland shine!
    I was dreaming—
      I was dreaming—
  I thought your heart was mine.

I was dreaming—I was dreaming—
  Your head lay on my breast,
Your quivering arms stole round me
  As your balmy lips I pressed.
No knight in old romances,
Richly decked with poet fancies,
In the days of plumes and lances,
  Ever yet was half so blessed.
    I was dreaming—
      I was dreaming—
Your head lay on my breast.

I was dreaming—I was dreaming—
  Oh, have I dreamed in vain?
Did the fleeting vision mock me,
  Like a mirage of the plain?
My love—do not forsake it!
My heart is yours to break it,
Or to sweeter raptures wake it
  From its loneliness and pain.
    I was dreaming—
      I was dreaming—
Oh, have I dreamed in vain?

In Darkness.

BY C. B.

UP and down the steep monotonous road, three times a day, summer and winter, through storm and sunlight, from the distant mine to the coal yard in the town—tramping sulkily along by the side of the stumbling, panting, overladen donkey—and this is life! Life, or, at least, the existence dignified by that name, as it fell to the lot of Louisa Black—Black Louey, as she was commonly called, even in the dingy, disreputable quarter where she made her "home."

She might have been seventeen or eighteen years of age; her figure permanently bent with stooping to load the ramshackle old cart, her gait a sort of slouching swing, her face, to which the mere sightliness of youth seemed wanting, at once stony and defiant, bold and expressionless.

Not a charming portrait by any means, and yet true to the life. And every inch of her was grimed with cold-dust, from the battered old hat that was flung on the tangled, unsightly mass of hair, to the shambling old boots, at least three sizes too big for her, revealing through their cracks glimpses of stockings which had once been white, but which were now a fashionable black of the deepest dye.

Black the tattered shawl round h neck, black the ragged gown that seemed to perpetuate its existence from year to year, never any different in shape or color or general dilapidation.

It was only in the coarse dirty aprons, that for some strange reason she always wore, though the dress beneath them was invariably in too hopeless a state to need any protection, that Louey ever made any change in her attire. Sometimes it was a rough canvas that she pinned on her, sometimes a striped calico or print, but whatever it was always dimmed to the same hue as everything else about her. No one had ever seen her with anything clean on, not even on Sunday.

The coal dust had got into everything; into her hair, into her skin, so that it was hopeless to conjecture what the original complexion of either might have been. Into her eyes, darkening their expression to a dull yet sullen, vacancy.

Nay, into the girl's very soul it seemed, to judge from the rough language with which she greeted the world in general, and her old four-footed companion in particular.

In the winter months she trudged along through the mud and snow, an old pilot coat wrapped round her, and a boy's cloth cap on her head, it was difficult to tell whether she were a man or woman.

There was something much more human about Peter, the donkey. Years of hard work, short feed and ill-treatment had not altogether broken his spirits. His patient eyes still looked out on the world with a wistful appeal for kindness; and a rough caress from one of the children, an unexpected carrot, or the joy of a specially juicy thistle, were quite enough to make him in high spirits, and he would rattle along with the empty cart quite gaily, in spite of his owner's tug and remonstrances at his general pig-headedness for running when there was no need, and lagging behind when work was to be done.

It was one of the dark features in this dark and stunted nature that, although they had run in harness together year after year, the girl never softened to her furry companion.

She fed him, indeed, but that was that he might do his work, but she never gave him a word of kindness. Any pat or stroke he got was never from her, and if by chance he would put his soft nose against her hand, he might think himself lucky if it was not struck aside with an angry blow.

Such was our heroine; a problem, a sorrow to every thoughtful soul that crossed her path. A puzzle, even to the rough crew among whom her lot was cast—so greatly did her life exaggerate the sordid, narrow, joyless gloom that marked so much of their own miserable existence.

Who, or what she was, or where she came from, no one exactly knew. She had come among them a child of about twelve years old, and had hired herself out to one of the smaller coal dealers of the town, for whom she still worked, though now on more equal terms, for the donkey was her own, bought with her earnings, and it was even rumored that some day she meant to set up in business for herself.

With these people she lodged, but Joseph Maloney and his wife could have told you no more about her than their neighbors. Of her past life she never spoke, and invariably answered to any inquiry in the same formula:—

"Don't remember. Childhood? Never was a child, that I recollect; guess I was born old."

And, indeed, those who were curious enough to question her closely, generally came to the conclusion that the girl's mind was really as blank as her face, and that, as she said, she had "never known nothing different," or else that the dull round of the years had effaced all memory of it.

Except for her language, which was rather the current coin of the place in which she lived, than any conscious acquisition of evil, there was nothing that could be called positively bad in Black Louey.

She was honest, her employer said, and she was certainly hard-working, but apart from these qualities she seemed a mere automaton. She made no friends, talked but little, laughed less, and went about her duties in apathetic indifference to all that went on around her.

The big lads of the town never thought of courting Black Louey. Not that she was worse looking, scarcely untidier than her girl companions, but there was something about her that kept them at arm's length, and made them feel that in her own phrase, she must be "let to go on her own road."

And on her own road she would always go, unshared by any either for love or hate.

No tired mother ever asked her to take the baby while she rested for a moment, and none of the little children hung round her, or came to her to be comforted or played with.

The girls about her never asked her advice as to some bit of finery, or to settle the knotty points as to whether it was luckier to be married at Easter or Whitsun.

The rough men and women gave her a wide berth, though she never quarrelled with any of them. She never gossiped, never grumbled, asked and gave sympathy to none, and lived through her days, as it seemed, a merely mechanical existence, without a thought or a hope beyond, without a wish or an emotion of any kind, until one could not but wonder whether, even in the matter of soul, Peter, the donkey, had not really the best of it.

Had she a soul at all? or had it somehow been mysteriously left out of her? Had she a heart—a mind—anything to be worked upon? Had she ever been young? Would she ever grow old?

With such questions as these the fair-haired young curate of St. Nicholas's found himself assailed as he sat on the edge of a vegetable barrow one summer evening, and attempted the difficult, nay, almost impossible, task of getting into conversation with Black Louey, who, her day's work over, was lounging outside Maloney's door, staring vacantly into space, and paying no heed to him whatever.

He was new to his work and very much in earnest. He had seen this girl toiling about the roads, and she had given him a severe mental shock, although he was growing but too sadly used to be brought face to face with sorrow, and poverty, and sin.

It was the non-livingness of the girl that so appalled him, and the more he saw of her the more he realized it.

Could she feel? Had she ever felt anything, mental or otherwise? Could that stolid face ever change in expression? Surely no mask ever so completely concealed the masker's features as those stony eyes of hers the soul within. But was there a soul within? He was trying his hardest to-night to draw her out, but it seemed as hopeless as ever.

"Yours must be a hard life in winter," he said, by way of saying something to her.

"Happens it is," she rejoined curtly.

"But in summer days like this it's better." And then feeling he was not progressing brilliantly, he added hastily, "Don't you enjoy the sunshine? Have you ever thought what a clean thing sunshine is, even in this black place?"

He paused as if expecting an answer.

"No."

"Haven't you? I should have thought in your work——"

And then, afraid of touching on too delicate ground, he changed the subject, observing:—

"That's a nice donkey of yours. It is your own, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are quite fond of him, now?"

"No."

"Well, I should have thought you would be, as he belongs to you; shares all your work, and all that sort."

Fond of a beast! A vague sense of surprise and contempt crossed the girl's mind, but the face revealed nothing, so he tried again.

"He's a very nice little fellow, too, isn't he?"

"He's not worse than the rest of them," was the rejoinder.

"Perhaps you do not care for animals?" continued the young man politely. "You are fonder, no doubt, of people?"

How he did harp on the same string, this strange young parson. What did he want sitting there and "jawing" about fondness and such rubbish? Louey felt as if she must finish him off.

"I never was fond of nothing or no one," she said sharply.

"What! not even your mother?" he exclaimed.

"Never had one that I knows on; nor father either."

"But you must have loved someone, sometime."

"Not I! Look here, parson, how d'ye do it?"

Was there just a gleam of inquiry in the dull eyes? A great rush of compassion filled the young fellow's heart, he left off making conversation, and began to speak of deeper things, trying to put into simple words what was to him the meaning of life—the loving and being loved—the Divine human love, the one deathless thing in a dying world.

God, Christ, Heaven—what were they but meaningless phrases! Of what concern were they to her!

"I don't drink, master," she remarked, as the young man paused, out of breath. He stared in amazement, as well he might.

"Yo' talk like the Salvation folk, when they wants to keep the men from the public house. They be the same words, but yo' needn't talk so to me; I want none of it."

Francis Clifford stared again, still sick at heart. Was it only to this the Sacred name had come—a thing to scare men with!

"But, Louey," he said, pleadingly, "you do know something about God?"

"I've heard on Him, but I never seen Him."

"But you know that He made you?"

"Twasn't much to do!"

Again there was an awkward silence, and then the street being by this time nearly deserted, save for a child or two crawling in the gutter, the young man began again.

This time he told the marvelous "old, old story," painting with such simple skill as he might, the great mystery of Divine love, the story of the cross and resurrection—the love that loved us unto death.

Not a quiver of emotion, not a glance of interest even, passed over the gloomy face opposite him. Only when he had finished, the girl said sullenly:—

"Yes, I've heard it before; maybe its true, and maybe it isn't; but I didn't want Him to go for to do it. I don't seek to be obliged to no one. Yo' mean it well, master, and I suppose it's parson's work, as coal is mine. 'Tis well enough for the likes of you, and it makes a pretty tale—but it's nothing to me."

And then, as if determined to have no more preaching that night, she rose up quickly and went into the house, and the curate too rose and went his way sadly discouraged.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?" A drunken man reeled across his path as he went, a little child picked up a heavy stone and flung it at another, a crowd was gathered at the end of the street where two women were engaged in a fight.

He had seen it all before fifty times, but to-night it struck him with a fresh pain and horror. It was nothing to them, this brawling, half-savage crew—was it any wonder it was nothing to her—this girl who had never caught a glimpse of anything beyond!

There were decent people here and there among them, he knew, here and there instances of courage, and patience, and devotion that struck the darkness like shafts of sunlight, redeeming and purifying the wilderness of these close courts and alleys; but to-night it was the blackest side of things that pressed upon him.

Born and bred in it, homeless, untaught, after all, was it any wonder that to this girl all the mystery of being, all God's work in her creation, preservation and redemption, should seem but as an idle tale that didn't "amount to much to her?"

And then, as he could do nothing else for her, had been able to do nothing, he said a prayer for her as he went his way, more than ever eager to be about his Master's business, and more than ever humbled and burdened with a sense of his own inefficiency.

So that if he had done nothing for her, she had done something for him, and his prayer returned with blessing into his bosom.

But was it nothing?

Nothing that he or she knew; yet it was the first time that anyone that she could remember had ever shown a personal interest in her.

Sunday schools, clergy-folk, mission teachers, she had given them a wide berth even as a child. But this man had begun with herself, not her soul, and she had a vague sense that he had spoken just as courteously as he would to any of the fine ladies who went to hear him of a Sunday.

She found herself thinking of him as she trudged along by her cart next day; if the vague, shadowy images flitting disconnectedly through her brain can be called thought. What a lot of nonsense he had talked, to be sure, and yet he seemed to think it had as much to do with her as him!

A fine sight she would be in the heavenly streets with her black face and grimy clothes, fit to scare the angels, if there were any! 'Twas well enough for the likes of him, with his white hands and fine manners and soft voice, but how would he like it if he had to sit next to her in the singing rows that the Army man talked of! And a very grim smile passed across her face at the utter folly of it.

Yet there was a sense of pain, a dawning rebellion at the incongruity, under her mirth, that was in itself a hopeful sign.

The first faint quiver of a life that might grow and strengthen, or go out again, leaving the deadness more complete than before. But it was life.

Another time she found herself pondering in the same confused way over what he had said of the nobleness of living and the beauty of love. To eat, to sleep, to work, to live out so many days and months and years, and then to die and be buried out of sight, and the whole thing over and done with.

What was there so very fine in all this; and as for love, who had ever loved her, and what was there that was worth loving?

The man was clean daft, for he had talked of being fond of the donkey! An obstinate, ill-mannered, slip-footed, senseless beast of a donkey! it was certain he must be half-witted to think of such a thing.

Yet more by an instinct, as it were, than by any conscious process of logic, she began about this time to soften somewhat towards the offending Peter—to use her heavy stick less frequently; and if she made up for it by a double amount of forcible language, hard words, as that sagacious animal joyfully remarked to himself, break no bones!

Surely the leaven was working, if as yet there was little to show for it. And although, perhaps, it was the kind tone, the gentle manner of the young preacher rather than the mighty truth he tried to teach that had had the effect on her, yet there was a difference somewhere; something in that frozen nature was stirring, for good or ill.

The neighbors saw no alteration in Black Louey—she was just as black, as rough in manner, and surly of speech as ever. The curate himself, as he came across her from time to time and had his little one-sided talk, could not see that he was making the least headway, and always returned foiled and baffled and blamed himself for his own impotence, for this strange, anomalous, stunted life seemed to appeal to him unconsciously with a great cry for help—help he knew not how to give.

And the girl herself knew nothing of any change; how should she know that this vague unrest, these dim floating thoughts, this odd pain that would come into her heart when the day was unusually bright or unusually wretched, this strange sense of dissatisfaction—how should she guess that the Spirit was striving with her spirit—that underneath these guises a soul was struggling to be born, to fight its way through the closed-up avenues clogged with disuse and grimed with the dust and soil of life!

Only Peter, the donkey, could have told something; Peter and a miserable little crippled child about the mine, "not all there," so people said, with whom about this time Louey began to share her midday meal, and otherwise in her rough way to befriend.

It was a sultry August afternoon, and the girl as she tramped along by the laden cart felt unusually dull and heavy and to use her own expression, "in the dumps."

It was a new thing to her to be in either good or bad spirits, and it made her feel cross. As she neared the busy High Street, her eyes were mechanically attracted by a little child of four or five who was trying to cross the crowded thoroughfare.

She knew it well by sight, for it belonged to one of the few decent couples in the street. It had evidently strayed far from home, and was getting frightened and bewildered in the strange surroundings. It went forward a few steps, and then hesitated and drew back.

"How it do dawdle!" thought the girl, as she marked it from the distance; "if one of them plaguey steam-cars come along it would be a near thing if it got over!"

As the thought crossed her mind she heard the shrill sharp whistle, and then she saw the great iron monster come tearing down the incline.

The child had got into the middle of the road, and there it stopped paralyzed with fright. The conductor evidently did not see it, for the machine came sweeping on at full speed. "Run, run!" screamed a woman from an upper window, but the little thing was too terrified to hear.

And the mother loved it! She had lost two children lately, and Louey had heard her say that she should have gone mad but for this little one! A good runner might catch it up in time, but at an awful risk!

Quick as a lightning flash the thought rushed through her brain. "Just as well us not!" she cried half aloud, and then she sprang forward.

A moment more and it would have been too late for both; even as it was, as with one strong hand she flung the child clear of the rails and leapt aside herself, her gown got entangled in the heavy wheels, and she was thrown violently down and dragged along the ground for some distance before the engine could be stopped. Just one moment of swift awful agony, and then a great cloud of unconsciousness swept over and covered her, and she knew no more.

Slowly, painfully, uncertainly, now floating as it were on the waves of consciousness, now struggling against the overwhelming billows, the soul of Louisa Black fought its way back into the shattered body, and looked out once more for a little space upon this wicked world.

When she came to herself she was lying in a clean, white bed in a strange narrow room, and with an awful sense of helplessness in all her strong young limbs. Everything around her was very cool and still and clean.

A gentle, friendly-looking woman in a spotless cap and apron was smoothing her pillows, and a group of gentlemen were standing at the foot of the bed. Then she knew that she was in the hospital, and with the quick instinct of the dying she read in those grave faces her sentence. They could do nothing for her, those clever, busy men.

All their skill would not avail to set the fatal mischief to spine and brain aright. They could but give her this clean still place to die in, smooth perhaps a little the passage through the silent valley, and secure for her in her hour of need the tender care that would not be the less sympathetic that it wa business-like and practical.

This and no more could they do for her, and as she looked at them with startling eyes, she understood it, and turned her face wearily away. Well, after all, what did it matter? Who would care?—and therein came the sting of death.

Suddenly she roused a little; the doctors were speaking to her. "But she saved the child," they said; "it was a brave thing, bravely done; she has not lived her life in vain."

One of them was feeling her pulse with skilful fingers; the girl looked up at him wonderingly. Were they speaking of her? and was it only pity that shone in those kind eyes? was it not—could it be—admiration, nay even reverence, and for such a one as she?

"It was bravely done; she has not lived her life in vain." Was it the doctors who spoke, or was it a voice coming to her from that unknown world which was drawing so very near. And then darkness crept upon her once more, and when she came to again she was alone with Nurse Alice in the ward.

For forty-eight hours she lingered, suffering apparently little, and wandering at times, yet lapped in a delicious calm and contentment, so that the nurse hardly knew whether to be most sad or glad to hear her say these were the happiest hours of her life.

Dying alone in a hospital bed with not a friend at hand to comfort or to grieve; if this was the best, what could all the rest have been?

They had placed her in a tiny ward that happened to be empty, and where she could be alone, for they knew it was hopeless from the first, and no one even expected she would live so long. The stillness, the cleanness of her white bed, nay, the very change that had come upon herself, were full of wondering refreshment to her.

"I never thought it would come off like that," she said to the nurse as she was bathing her face and hands. "It seems to go all through me. I'll hardly know myself; you've made me over again."

She did not talk much, but her grateful eyes said so much for her, that her nurse used as she was to such scenes, often turned away with a sense of sharp pain at heart—so thankful, and for so little; what could her life have been?

"Will it hurt much—this dying?" she asked once, and when she was told that the doctors thought that she would pass away in her sleep, she asked no more.

She came of a class that does not deal in nerves and tremors. If it was painful, well, it had to be borne, but just to sleep was pleasant, and she was so tired.

Without regret or longing, she was slipping out of the world. The old past troubled her not; neither its failures nor its incompleteness rose up to vex her. The unknown future caused her no speculation.

She had no theological doubts to solve or fears to dispel. It was simply that a power mightier than herself was drawing her hence, and she was quite willing to go.

She could not have put it into words, but she had a dim sense of gladness that she would not go quite empty-handed—she had not lived her life quite in vain: she had that one act of self-sacrifice to carry with her, and to offer as the fruit of the day's work—her one realized opportunity to lay at the feet of the Divine Love. For the rest there was nothing to regret, nothing to leave.

She was going away from it all, the narrow, sordid, toilsome past, knowing neither the why nor the whither, nor in what manner of place the journey would end, but content like a child to trust the unseen hand that was drawing her hence with such irresistible force.

A broken, troubled, joyless life, that had known nothing of earth's noblest and best. A helpless, half-awakened, nay, if you will, rudimentary soul, yet capable of who shall say what infinite possibilities of growth and perfection in the land where all things are made new.

She was very near her end when Francis Clifford, having heard of the accident, came to see her. It was with almost a sense of awe that he approached her.

This was the girl that he had striven to teach, prayed for, almost despaired over, and she had done this splendid thing which had made his heart beat with a thrill of generous pride as he heard it told.

They had cut away the rough matted hair, and she looked so clean and peaceful lying among the snowy linen with that white clean face which was as strange as everything else, and he felt as if he hardly knew her again. It was a rough face still, but pain had blenched from it its coarseness, and Death was already placing on brow and lip his seal of mysterious nobility.

She smiled as her eyes fell upon him—he had never seen her smile before—but she gave him no other greeting, and showed no special emotion; such things were hardly in her line.

She said a few words from time to time, and seemed vaguely pleased when he knelt by her bed to pray. Once she asked him to find a home for Peter, adding, "I haven't been not to say kind to the beast myself, but somehow it hurts me to think others will be hard on him," and when he promised that he would, she seemed to rest, and dropped the subject.

He kept his word to her, for Peter was transported to country meadows, where he grew sleek and fat and young again, and quite forgot his earlier troubles. Indeed, sometimes as the children play with him, he can hardly believe that he once dragged along that wearisome load of coal, and knew what it was to hunger for carrots and thistles, instead of cropping away in the peaceful fields, and literally as well as metaphorically "living in clover."

Another time she said:—

"You've been good to me; I never mind anyone that was till I came here."

And again, spreading out her hand on the counterpane, she said:—

"They've gotten the coal grime out, yo' see; perhaps they'll not mind me so much now—up there."

He could not know, he would never know till the books are set and the seals opened, all he had done for her, and how but for him, her story might have had some black and disastrous ending.

She did not realise it herself, and could not have told him so if she had; but that his words had done something for her, he was given the comfort of knowing—a comfort which would return to him when all the day's work seemed in vain—for as he rose to go, she turned her wistful eyes, in which the light was failing fast, towards him as she said:—

"I think I can understand now how He came to do it. I think I might—have learned to love Him if I'd known Him better—perhaps He'll let me come to know Him—there——"

She never spoke again. After that she closed her eyes and seemed to fall into a deep sleep; and when the sunset was paling in the west, and the balmy summer night was drawing on, Nurse Alice, watching, saw the shadow fall across that peaceful face, and knew that the girl's soul had arisen and gone forth beyond the stars.

His Sins on His Own Head.—When a Jewish boy reaches his thirteenth birthday, it is customary for him to go through the religious ceremony that betokens his entry into manhood. This is a simple but interesting one. On the Sabbath day nearest the anniversary of his birth, the lad is publicly called upon by name in the synagogue to ascend the reading-desk and intone from the scroll of the law one of the current weekly portions that are ordinarily read by the minister, and to adults only.

By this act he has become bar-mitzvah, a "Son of the Obligation or Command." On his tunefulness and correct reading of the quaint old Hebrew characters there will depend a good deal of his future reputation for his general religious knowledge.

At the same time the lad acknowledges his appreciation of the fact that thenceforward all his sins and all his merits will be upon his own shoulders.

The relieved parent invariably utters a prayer in which he gratefully disburdens himself of the moral obligation.

This completes the religious ceremony, but the occasion is, of course, made the pretext for the inevitable feast with which the Jew associates every red-letter day.

At the bar-mitzvah breakfast, when all the relatives and friends are assembled, it is the custom for the hero of the day to deliver himself of a lengthy speech of thanks to his parents, which by a popular fiction, at which the company always winks, is supposed to be impromptu and original.

In reality, everybody knows that it represents the labored efforts of his Hebrew tutor, or, maybe, of the complimented parent himself; and often a teacher is chosen as much for his felicitous speech-writing as for his power of imparting the necessary religious and musical training.

The subsequent festivities will often be kept up for two or three days in the case of wealthy parents, and the presents will usually last the lucky lad till his bethothal, which is the next occasion to which every Jewish lad is taught to look forward as a religious duty.

Where to Rest.—This is a question that hundreds in all the large cities of the world find considerable difficulty in answering when, as is far too often the case, they are not provided with the wherewithal to pay even the smallest sums charged for a night's lodging. Many of them rest in summer on public seats in the parks or elsewhere, and at other times rest under arches, in lofts, or wherever they can find shelter to rest them from wind or weather.

The oddest place, perhaps, ever chosen by one of that class was that selected not long ago by a man in Lancashire, who used the town clock as his sleeping place.

Shortly after half past eleven one Saturday night a policeman was surprised to hear the town clock in the Market Place strike twelve, and a few minutes later one o'clock.

Going to the clock to investigate, he found the tower door open, and looking up, observed the man apparently asleep among the works. It proved a costly resting-place, as the man was sent to jail for a month.

These odd resting places, however, are not always chosen by reason of poverty and grim necessity, for a Frenchman, though enjoying an income of 6,000 francs a year, finds sleeping out in the Paris streets the most agreeable way of living. When arrested, he stated that he had not slept under a roof for ten years, and that he kept his spare clothing in a handbag deposited in one of the railway cloak-rooms.

His days were spent in walking about the streets and reading at the national library, and his nights on a bench in a park or under a bridge. As there was nothing else against him he was released.

A case is reported from New York of a man who can only sleep while standing, and suffers pain by lying down. One of the Spanish barons could only sleep in the cabin of a steamer or in a railway carriage in full motion, and for years never ceased traveling by night in order to slumber.

The Orange Blossom.—Like all familiar customs whose origin is lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following pretty legend from the once great people—Spain:—

An African King presented a Spanish King with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court.

Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign Ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land.

He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair the wily Ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she give him the branch and say nothing about it.

Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

It takes away much of the flavor of life to live amongst those with whom one has not anything like one's fair value. It may not be mortified vanity but unsatisfied sympathy which causes this discomfort. See how happy a man is in any office or service who is acknowledged to do something well! How comfortable he is with his superiors! He has his place. It is not exactly a satisfaction of his vanity, but an acknowledgment of his useful existence that contents him.

MISSED.

BY J. C.

I miss you, dear, in the spring-time when the willows blossom whitely,
When the sloe boughs bloom and bourgeon and the blackbirds build and sing,
When over the sky of azure the white-fringed clouds pass lightly,
When violets wake in the woodlands, and the corn blades freshly spring.

But I miss you, too, in summer, when the waves break on the shingle,
When the languid lilies' perfume is wafted upon the breeze,
When creamy, and pink, and fragrant the roses nod in the dingle,
When the kingcups turn the meadows to glistening and golden seas.

And I miss you more in autumn, when in rustling corn-fields yellow,
Reapers sing their lays of gladness, when the plovers loudly call,
When the woods are gold emblazoned, and the apple orchards mellow,
And the bramble red and purple where the riponed berries fall.

But most of all I miss you when the snow-flakes white are flying,
When the days are dark and dreary, and the nights are long and drear;
When through leafless forest branches winds are *sadly* sobbing, sighing,
Then it is I think I miss you, oh, the most of all, my dear.

Once, at Least.

BY J. A. B

AMONGST the saloon passengers of the Illimani, ere she was a fortnight out, little Miss Agnew had become quite a pet.

"She was such a dear—so natural, so really chic!" said the ladies; whilst the men enjoyed to the full her utter, or assumed lack of conventionality.

She was a bright, genial girl of about eighteen, handsome enough after a robust dairymaid fashion, with full red lips, white teeth, and black eyes, under a shock of curly hair, that shrank from no man's gaze.

Miss Agnew had come on board at the very last moment, with an uncle and an aunt to see her off; also a note from the owners of the ship commending her to the captain's care.

Popularly it was known that she was a rich squatter's daughter returning home after a long visit to her uncle's in the city. Her sole occupation of one of the best berths in the ship, as well as the possession of plenty of spare cash, gave some reason to the rumor of her father's great wealth.

It was also rumored that she had been expelled from more than one fashionable school. But nobody seemed to think the worse of her for that.

This trip the Illimani happened to have a rather aristocratic passenger list for Australia. Besides poor young Badegge, who was no one's enemy but his own, there were an incoming governor and his countess; another couple of stray peers and peeresses; a rich baronet and his wife; several gentlemen, middle-aged and elderly, making the round voyage for their health—that is, for the sake of a long and uninterrupted season of steady drinking.

And with these, at times, nothing loth, "Dolly," as she was called, would smoke a cigarette and toss off a glass of champagne; looked upon with a lenient eye by her female friends, not only on the plea of her being an Australian "tom-boy," but for the sake of the little scandalous tit bits she was able to retail to them afterwards in the privacy of their cabins.

At Naples, amongst others, there came on board for the second saloon a young Frenchman, apparently pretty ill with asthma; so much so, indeed, that he seemed able to do nothing else but lie in his deck chair all day long covered with rugs.

Quite a curiosity, too, was the deck-chair, massive but light, folding up into a compact compass, curiously carved, and made of neither cane nor canvas, but of stout olive wood, with big bulging arms and a thick curved back.

Monsieur Deschamps seemed to set great store by it, for, always when the day was over and he walked feebly to his berth, the quartermaster carefully folded up the chair and carried it to its owner's cabin.

At first people laughed. But cranks and eccentrics are so plentiful on such ships that far more strange scenes ceased to attract attention, and Deschamps and his chair soon became part and parcel of the daily monotony.

Curiously enough amongst all the passengers there was no one with a sufficient knowledge of French to interpret between the sick passenger and the ship's doctor or stewards.

This was awkward; for Monsieur Deschamps was unable to speak a word of any language but his own. This matter presently coming to Dolly's ears, she volunteered to "have a go."

"I was," she said, "a couple of years at school at Rouen, and if I can't patter their lingo, I reckon I'm due for the leatheriest medal that there is on board this canoe."

So, tripping across the bridge that separated the two classes, Dolly went up to the invalid and began—much to everybody's admiration—to discourse with eloquent volubility and perfectly natural gesture.

Listening a minute, the Frenchman, appearing to recognise the real thing at last, sat up and waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders, and smiled with a delight and gratification beautiful to witness.

And after this, nearly every day, Dolly went along and cheered the poor fellow up, interpreting his symptoms to the doctor and his many little wants to the stewards.

In most ocean liners there is posted up somewhere a notice advising passengers to deposit their valuables with the purser for safety during the voyage, a small percentage being charged.

Many people object to pay this; others are too lazy to go to any trouble, others too careless. So that, very often, until something is missing, the caution is a dead letter.

It was so on the Illimani. But, one morning Dolly, returning from her usual visit to her French friend, found the saloon the scene of the utmost confusion—ladies running about with empty jewel cases, stewards protesting, purser threatening, and the chief stewardess in hysterics.

The Countess of Trebizond had lost a diamond necklace and a set of priceless pearls; Lady Trotter de Globe was minus her family jewels, sapphires, opals and diamonds, valued at $15,000; the Honorable Mrs. Monopole's diamond earrings, tiara and necklet were gone. In fact, it appeared that nearly everything worth having was gone.

There were a lot of paste and Palais Royal imitations—beautifully done—but all such had been rejected with the nice appreciation of an expert, or at least an intimate.

And, to complicate matters, nothing was forced—every lock intact and the keys in their owners' pockets. The excitement and commotion was intense. The captain alone kept calm; and when the male relatives of the victims talked about suing the company, he suavely drew their attention to the notices aforementioned.

Dolly was demurely sad, and condoled, even wept, with her aristocratic friends. Her own things, a set of pearls and a few diamond ornaments, she explained, had been in the purser's big safe from the commencement of the voyage. Her uncle had insisted on it.

But who was the thief?

Public opinion pointed to someone of the stewards. The first thing done was to ransack the "glory-hole," as their quarters were called.

Nothing was found!

Then "search law" was proclaimed throughout the ship, much to the indignation of the second and third classes. It took considerable time to overhaul the effects of nearly four hundred people. Nor was it a pleasant matter, as the purser, the chief steward and their assistants discovered.

Not a trace of the lost jewelry was to be found.

The captain grew anxious. He had been quite sure that the things would be found. Although he was not liable, the ship's reputation would be ruined so far as carrying passengers was concerned. And this was a serious matter.

What more could he do?

Then suddenly he remembered that Watson was waiting at Colombo to go on to Melbourne. If anybody could help it was Watson.

Those who troubled about the daily runs noticed that the Illimani was being driven at almost top speed across the Arabian Sea.

In these days she was a decidedly uncomfortable ship within—suspicion writ large on every face of all her great company, each one doubtful of his neighbor, and all secretly watching, and, so it seemed, thinking about the reward now offered by the victims and the executive of the Illimani.

The captain and crew willingly contributed $250; Dolly Agnew gave $50 to the fund, and her friend, Monsieur Deschamps, when made aware of what was going on, insisted on putting down his name for $25. But nothing was accomplished.

At Colombo—reached after a record run—there was indignation when it was found that the captain had stopped all shore going, and also barred the usual crowd of dealers, jugglers, etc., from coming near the ship.

Only one passenger came on board at Colombo—an old, gray-haired, gray-bearded man, who walked with a stoop, and peered dimly at people through tinted spectacles.

He was said to be a tea planter, an old friend of the captain, going to Australia on business. Speaking little himself, Mr. Johnson was, nevertheless, a perfect godsend to the ship at large, and into his ears was dinned by the passengers again and again the story of their losses and wrongs.

"Well," asked the skipper a few days later as Mr. Johnson strolled into the former's state room, "any news?"

"Not much," was the reply; "only that you've got at least one artist on board—one of the most skilful cracksmen in London—which is saying a good deal."

"Which is he?" asked the captain. "Some fellow in the steerage I have no doubt."

"Not much," replied the other, laughing. "The only wonder is that he is not in the saloon, here. It's the fellow in the second who gammons sick, and sits in the big chair all day."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the captain; "you're out of it this time, old man. The poor chap's a Frenchman—can't speak a word of anything else!"

"Is that so?" replied the other, calmly. "Well, in any case, he's the man who can tell you where the stolen stuff can be found."

"Nonsense!" said the captain. "He's never been for'ard the whole passage. Why, if it hadn't been for Miss Agnew talking to him he'd have had to stay dumb altogether."

"Fine-looking, fresh-complexioned, rather Jewessy, curley-headed girl—lots of side and sauce—No. 27, port side."

"Right," replied the skipper. "Australian native. She's in my charge. Knows her way about, though, too well to want any looking after."

"H'm!" grunted his companion, lighting a fresh cigar. "You told me, I think, that you had searched the ship?"

"Every corner and every soul aboard," replied the captain.

"Tchk, tchk!" said the other between tongue and teeth. "What a pity! Tony Jenkins is a genius, however. A commoner would have chucked the things overboard. Not Tony; he's too much of an artist to stand any waste of that sort. Yes, I should say there was a chance. When you first broached the matter I thought it was only a bit of amateur aristocratic kleptomania.

"It now seems to be thorough business; business sweet and hot; a well considered, long thought out, cleverly put up job. Thank your stars, my boy, that I happened to be where I was, or you'd have lost your billet to a certainty."

"Well, Watson—yes, of course, Johnson," said the captain, changing color as he thought of the fix he was in, and saw no way out of it, "there's the reward, you know. And——"

"Don't want a penny," replied the detective. "This is purely a little private affair between ourselves. I'm on official business, and shouldn't have meddled, but for old acquaintance sake. You did me a good turn once. I'll return it now, if I can."

Next morning Mr. Johnson managed, casually, to have a talk with Dolly, who came up to where he sat in the sun, looking very old and feeble, to ask his opinion on the quality of the saloon tea, which, she averred, "wasn't fit for pigs to drink."

Later, she confided to her friends that he wasn't a bad old josser, and that she rather thought he'd been a gay sort of a chappie in his day; whilst, on his part, Mr. Johnson, removing the powerful magnifying glasses he had worn throughout the interview, smiled in his beard, and muttered:—

"The scar's there all right, but fainter than when I saw it last. Clever! Why, clever's no name for it! No use looking through their berths, I suppose. However, I may as well have a try. I'll bet the stuff's neither there nor on their persons. If not, where then?"

And, "Mr. Johnson," generally supposed to be the cleverest and keenest of all Scotland Yard, puckered his brow over the problem.

During dinner he managed to slip into Dolly's berth and, with practised hands, ransack her belongings. But he found nothing at all incriminating in the single cabin trunk, unless a bottle of hair depilatory and another of dye could be deemed so. The clothing was all of good make and quality, and as the intruder noted the carefully worked initials, "D. A." on everything, he shook his head doubtfully.

Under the circumstances, a mistake was a very serious matter. And the Illimani was radidly nearing the Australian coast. If he was to make a coup he had no time to lose.

Monsieur Deschamps occupied a deck-chair aft; and whilst its occupant was at lunch in the second saloon on the following day, Mr. Johnson made as free with his baggage as he had done with Dolly's. And with a little more success.

In the pockets of a pair of old trousers he found a tiny key with only one ward, as sight of which his eyes glistened.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he stepped out on the empty deck; "the rest of them are overboard. I suppose. Overlooked this one, evidently. Didn't think Tony was so careless. But what's he done with the stuff? Sent it after the keys? No, I can't believe that, after going to such trouble."

One morning, listlessly observing the little procession emerging from the invalid Frenchman's cabin as usual—first, Monsieur Deschamps, walking slowly and holding on tight to things in his path; then the quartermaster, laden with chair and rugs, mounting up the second promenade deck—an idea flashed across the detective's brain, and that night he managed to have a chat with the quartermaster.

"Yessir," said the latter, in answer to a question. "Poor chap, 'e thinks a lot 'o that cheer. I've got to put it in 'is berth every night so keerful as if it were med o' glass. You see, it ain't no common cheer, that one."

"Well, I'm ready," said Johnson to the captain shortly after this. "You've been very good, and haven't bothered me much. Now I want your help.

"You must get the doctor to send to Frenchman to come to the dispensary on some pretence or other. Then Miss Agnew must be called to interpret. Presently we two will drop in; and then, well, if I'm right, you'll see some fun. If I'm not, there'll be wigs on the green. But I can't put it off any longer, although not as sure as I'd like to be. Once we get to Albany, the fat's in the fire; for I cannot wait to shadow people; nor can you very well prevent the Australian passengers from landing."

As the captain and Mr. Johnson strolled into the dispensary that evening, Monsieur Deschamps was speaking.

"He says," translated Dolly, "that since he took the last medicine he feels much better."

"Hello, Tony, old man!" suddenly exclaimed the detective, who had been standing in one corner of the rather dim room. "I'm sorry to hear of your—your being so ill. How do you like the sea voyage?"

"Jim Watson!" shouted the sham Frenchman, as he started from the clean-shaved, hawk eyed, massive-jawed man before him to the gray wig, beard and spectacles on the deck.

"And how's my little friend, the Kid?" continued Watson, stepping to the door, and noting, with a breath of relief, the color fade out of Dolly's cheeks, and the familiar, hunted look he knew so well steal over both their faces.

"No, you don't!" he continued, suddenly whipping out a revolver and presenting it at Tony, whose hand was quietly stealing round to his hip pocket.

The other laughed carelessly, and taking a cigar out of his case, lit it; whilst Watson, turning to the astonished skipper and doctor, said:—

"Allow me, gentlemen, to present to you Mr. Anthony Green, alias Jenkins, alias Deschamps, and a dozen others; and Master William Dawson, better known as The Kid, The Dinah, Young Dutch, etc.—the former gentleman the leading artist of his profession; the latter, the best female impersonator of the day. Now, Tony, where's the swag?"

"Curse you, Watson!" replied the elder of the pair calmly, but with an ugly look

in his shifty gray eyes. "Find it, if you can! I won't help you."

"Same here!" exclaimed the supposed Dolly, with a laugh. "And if any of those old cats in the saloon make a row, Tony, I'll tell some funny little stories I've picked up amongst 'em that will make 'em glad to leave Australia by the next boat."

"Good boy," said Tony, approvingly. "Kept eyes and ears open, eh?"

"You bet!" replied the lad, defiantly sitting back, crossing his legs, and puffing away at a cigarette; regarded by the poor captain with a fascinated stare of astonishment.

"Well, Jenkins, come now—the swag!" exclaimed Watson, impatiently.

"Find it!" replied the other.

"All right," said Watson, playing his doubtful trump. "Captain, will you kindly have Monsieur Deschamps' chair brought in here?"

"The deuce!" shouted Jenkins. "Never mind troubling. How did you find it out? All right; I pass. Watson, you've spoiled one of the best things of the century! Well, I suppose we can go now. I don't fancy anybody will bother either of us, from what the Kid's told me off and on." And he chuckled.

"I suppose," he went on, "that we may as well keep up the fiction till we get to Albany, eh, Watson? But think of all my time and trouble and ingenuity that's wasted! Think of that lovely chair and its secret hiding places. Hang it! I could cry over it, Watson!"

"Or shoot me," replied the latter, as he replaced his disguise.

"Well, yes, at the moment," admitted the other. "But it's all over now. I never bother about spilt milk. You know that, Watson. All the sparkles shall be back before eight bells to-night. Doctor, I feel so much better that I don't think I'll require any more medicine. Miss Agnew, I know I can trust you to smooth matters over with our aristocratic friends. Have you finished with us now, Watson?"

"Provisionally," replied the detective. I don't suppose the captain here wants more fuss made over the matter than can be helped. And the doctor will keep silent for the ship's sake. I am of Miss Agnew's opinion, that the ladies for'ard will be only too pleased to get their jewelry again.

"Of course, if we had long to wait, it would be different. But we shall be at Albany to-morrow; and that young scamp's presence amongst them won't matter much for one night more."

"Look here, Watson," put in the Kid, "if you're not civil I'll tell tales before I go yet."

"But," stammered the captain, speaking for the first time, "I say, Watson, where's our guarantee? Of course, you may trust Mr.—um—Jenkins—er—Green—there, and—this er—young man or girl, or whatever it is, and take their words. But I'd like something——"

"That's all right," interrupted Watson cheerfully. "I know my mark. I'd trust Tony up to any sum, once he's given his word. Believe me, it will be all serene. And neither of them will blab. They've been fairly beaten for once."

"Thank you, Mr. Watson, for your good opinion of me," said Tony, pausing at the door and bowing politely. "You will see, I hope, that it is deserved. Good-bye."

And sure enough, sometime and somehow, before next morning, each of the despoiled ones found her property returned intact. Explanations, of course, were demanded; but all at once the thirst for them dropped; and "Dolly" laughed mockingly at the glances of fear and abhorrence darted at her by whilom friends and confidantes.

On all sides it was agreed "that for the sake of the ship and the captain," the affair should be hushed up. It was difficult, but Watson, with the aid of a stowaway, who was working his passage as assistant fourteenth steward, and for a consideration acted as a scapegrace, managed it.

"Keep the chair, Watson," said Monsieur Deschamps, as he went over the side at Albany. "It will remind you of the prettiest bit of work you ever did."

The Red Shoes.

BY E. A.

IF you go any summer's afternoon into the shoe department at the Louvre, in Paris, you will see there, piled up in fascinating confusion on the counter, a large variety of red Turkish slippers.

They are made of fine leather, and consist only of a toe, a sole, and a very high wooden heel, with nothing to fit round the foot at the back. They are embroidered in black and gold, and on the soles the price is marked—17 francs.

Now, the one thing wanting to content the pretty daughter of the concierge, in that big pension at the corner of the Rue Rabotin, was just such a pair of Turkish shoes.

Two causes had united in the heart of Babette to produce this ardent longing. First, Michel Tranchet, a good little fellow, to whom for nine months she had been betrothed, and of whose devotion she had become thoroughly weary, had a strong dislike to red shoes, thinking, perhaps, that they would call too much attention to the pretty feet of his beautiful fiancee.

Next, in her daily expeditions, basket-laden, to the market, Babette had to pass close by the walls of the Caserne, and oddly enough she always seemed to go to market just when a certain very handsome young soldier was there on entry duty.

Babette was much too well behaved to speak to the soldier on these occasions, and sentinels are silent of necessity, but there is always the language of the eyes, and those of the concierge's daughter were particularly fine.

What a convenient thing a simple old father may prove at times to a pretty girl. Monsieur Isidor managed, somehow or other, to scrape an acquaintance with the young soldier, who was soon duly presented to a modest young lady, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks—Babette.

Some days later they met, quite accidentally, of course, on the ramparts, and, in the course of a long and interesting conversation, Monsieur Isidor happened to remark that he was very fond of red Turkish shoes.

"Papa," said Babette that evening, putting her pretty arms round his neck, "thou knowest that my old sabots are very nearly worn out, and, moreover, the hard wood hurts my feet; now, give me, I pray thee, the money that I may buy a new pair."

A sounding kiss on each of the old man's cheeks ended this appeal, and then, by way of clinching the argument, Babette stuck out her little foot, in a very old shoe indeed.

"Ah!" cried the concierge, "those are indeed bad shoes! To think that you have been wearing these terrible things, and I never noticed it!"

He bought his daughter a pair of stout black shoes, with low heels, and then he considered the matter at an end for the season.

* * * * * * *

A week passed by, and Babette, after much thought, had at last found means of obtaining her desire. Like many of the poor girls in France, she possessed a beautiful voice, and she resolved to put on some of the clothes which had belonged to her dead mother, and to sing for money in the streets.

Therefore, Babette soothed her conscience as best she might, and one sunny afternoon she set out as if for the market, taking a complete disguise under the white cloth that covered her basket. In a quiet corner of the Bois, she painted her face brown, parted her hair, and slipped on an old black cloak and an old bonnet.

Thus transformed, she walked across the Bois and entered Paris at the other end, so as to be far from her own home. Then she turned down the first quiet street, and began to sing.

Her repertoire of songs was not large. She knew some Latin hymns, but to sing them, would, she felt, only add to her already oppressive burden of wickedness; so she tried a comic song.

Her pretty, clear voice rose and fell in charming modulations. Oh! what a street singer! In a moment the windows were crowded. The French are kind to poor folks, and money fell freely. Babette sang the song through and then picked up the coins.

She had wandered through many side streets, her cheeks hot with shame, but her voice clear and strong as the birds in spring.

At last, when a clock struck six, she rolled up her earnings in her handkerchief, and after waiting again in the Bois to change her clothes and wash her face, trudged wearily home by back ways, and slipped unobserved into the house.

With lightning speed she laid her father's supper, and when he came in, soon after seven, to take it, she met him at the door all fresh and smiling, as if nothing out of the way had taken place that day.

Oh, how long the supper lasted that night! "Will my father never stop eating?" thought Babette. How he did munch, to be sure, with his mouth wide open as if to catch flies.

But at length he shoveled the last bit of cheese into his mouth, with the blade of his knife, and tossed off his last glass of red wine.

Then he pulled the corner of his napkin out from his collar, put on his cuffs and his hat, kissed his daughter on both cheeks, and trotted off to smoke a pipe on the ramparts with his neighbor Picard.

Babette was free at last to go and count her money. One, two, three, four—no less than nineteen francs and some odd sous were there! Oh, joy! The red shoes, and a little more! Then Babette went and put back her mother's clothes.

"Ah, pauvre mere, what would she have said!" thought the naughty child. "Well, with what is left from the shoes I will buy a large wax candle for the Virgin, and if I am set a hard penance, I will not say one word of complaint."

Next day, Babette put on her smartest clothes, and started for the Louvre, feeling sadly guilty, but oh, how happy, too!

"It is a long way," she thought, "I will walk there, and come home by the tram. I must not take a cab; that would defraud the blessed Virgin."

With which Babette solemnly crossed herself, and felt that her penance had begun. She took care to pass the Caserne on her way, and if Monsieur Isidor came out as she passed, was that her fault?

"And where goes, mademoiselle, this afternoon?" inquired the soldier.

"How handsome he looks in his blue and red uniform, with the sun lighting up his beautiful almond eyes," thought Babette, before replying. Then: "My faith, monsieur," said she, "I go only to the Louvre, to buy a pair of shoes."

"Neither the Louvre nor all Paris holds a shoe worthy of the foot of mademoiselle," said the warrior, with a magnificent bow.

Babette blushed, smiled, and gave him a demure sideglance. Just then Tranchet passed, perched on the top of a cart laden with wine casks. Babette saw him and kissed her hand to him. Then the cart passed on.

"Who is that man?" cried Isidor, with a show of being very jealous.

Of course, Babette had to stay some time, explaining and pacifying, and when at last she did go on her way, the rose in her dress—given her by that poor Michael—was no longer there; while a flower, remarkably like it, adorned the breast of the gay Isidor.

* * * * * * *

With light step and careless heart jingling her money in her pocket, and looking up through her eyelashes at all the handsome gentlemen, Babette passed along the Rue de Rivoli, where she was taking a little turn before beginning the serious business of her expedition.

It was just outside that lovely Eastern shop at the corner, that she felt somebody touch her arm, and turning round, saw her cousin Elise, the shoemaker's daughter. Elise was a plain girl, but just then her face was flushed, and she looked quite charming.

"Cousin, I have some news for thee," she said.

"Eh?" replied Babette, not too pleased at the interruption, "and what has happened, Elise?"

"Thou knowest that handsome Isidor, the soldier?"

"What of him?" asked Babette, turning away to hide a blush.

"Wish me good luck, cousin, he is become my fiance."

Poor Babette! And Elise would tell her all about it, to the very minutest details. How tiresome she was.

Babette's pillow got very wet that night. Luckily, however, the wound was not deep. It hurt her vanity, but did not touch her heart, and in a week she was gayer than ever.

And the red shoes?

Babette bought them, but three sizes larger, and gave them to Elise for a wedding present.

A SMOOTH sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

Scientific and Useful.

WITHOUT POSTAGE.—The German Government is adopting a system of postage without the use of stamps. They issue a contrivance which stamps an official mark on all letters passed through it, and registers the amount of postage due, working in much the same way as a gas-meter.

STAIR CARPETS.—Stair carpets should always have a paper put under them at and over the edges of every stair, in order to lessen the friction of the carpet against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as wide as the carpet, and should cover the stairs from top to bottom, about two extra layers being smoothly turned over the edge of each step beneath the full length piece, which should be nicely fitted and tacked to each riser before the carpet is laid. This simple plan will preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would otherwise wear.

MADE OF GLASS.—It is a comparatively new idea to put up tombstones and monuments of glass, instead of marble or granite, but it is a practical one and likely to meet with great encouragement from those who desire these memorials to be lasting. Glass resists the elements and is to all intents and purposes indestructible. Stone of all sorts crumbles and disintegrates under the action of the elements. But glass remains and will endure for centuries. It is, therefore, proposed that all memorial tablets and headstones shall be made of glass. Any color may be selected, pure white, of course, having the choice. Lettering may be put on in any style, and any device or pattern may be used.

Farm and Garden.

RENT.—Do not stuff the work horses with hay; give them a good grain ration, and the heaviest feeding at night. Take off the harness and rest the horses at noon, and you will accomplish more than by rushing and over-tiring both yourself and your horses.

TREES.—If the tree agent has a lot of large trees "that will bear fruit sooner," and he asks only a little more for them than for nice three-year trees six or eight feet high, don't buy them. Such trees are slower to begin growth and slower to grow, and rarely prove satisfactory.

THE PIGS.—Peas and oats for pig feed, not the grain, although this is excellent when it occurs, but the green food for use in pens. The hog is a lover of clover, grass and other succulent herbage. The juicy clover and oat plant he especially appreciates, and will make quick and cheap growth upon them if fed daily in connection with skim milk. The more mature pea and oat plant may be chopped.

Jayne's Expectorant is the most palatable and effectual Croup remedy I have used with my children.—(Rev.) D. H. COMANN, Franklin, N. C., Nov. 11, 1892.

Before a Girl Marries

She ought, if possible, to learn to play the piano. Music is a great factor in a home. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will send a girl, free of all expense, to any musical conservatory she likes; pay her board and give her a piano in her own room. 300 girls have already been so educated, free.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 625 ARCH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1898.

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[IN ADVANCE.]

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OF CONTENTMENT.

He who would praise contentment must be prepared to snap his fingers at the spirit of the age. And he who would say a good word for quietness and happiness unruffled by gusty ambition must be ready to take a firm stand against assault. But it seems to us that there has been some neglect of the duty of present enjoyment and content. A lively satisfaction in life ought not to be so exclusively regarded as an almost perpetually deferred payment for strenuous exertions. We defend present content.

Let us avoid misunderstandings. We are not about to condemn that ambition which is the mainspring of progress, but to maintain that contentment is a spirit that can live alongside ambition, if our philosophy of life be sound. There is a big difference between contentment with progress and progress without contentment. Little difference in the words, but in the spirit all the difference between a craving unsatisfied life, always moving, yet never arriving, and a life of constant fulfilment! Do we sufficiently cultivate this spirit of reigning contentment nowadays?

Such contentment is no enemy to ambition. It may indeed help to give the recuperative force that will fulfil ambition. Because a young man is now a clerk, but hopes some day to become a traveler for the firm, or even a member of it, is that a sufficient reason why he should hate his clerkship? Can we not live out life in a happy and contented spirit all the while without becoming restless and dissatisfied with the present and seeking to hasten out of it, and also without becoming sluggish and unambitious in our enjoyment of the passing hour?

Is it not a fact that one of the curses of the present age is a sore and restless dissatisfaction that prevents a reasonable amount of enjoyment from being extracted from our present state? We refer now to the men who have not reached the end of their ambition or settled into a stereotyped life. The average active man between five-and-twenty and five-and-forty, who is on the outlook for better prospects, is often carefully engaged in whittling away the natural happiness of the moment in the hope of building up a future success into which his soul may enter with permanent satisfaction.

Far better make the most of the work, the sights, the friendships, the little useful changes of to-day, and go on in a spirit of contentment to whatever may be in store. The effective power of a man will be greater under the influence of this sense of enjoyment than if he were under the influence of anxiety and a constantly chafing forecast.

Before going further, let us say that we are fully aware there are certain conditions under which contentment is either a misnomer, or difficult, or impossible. It is a misnomer in the case of youth, very difficult in ill-health, impossible in baffling poverty. Healthy youth is far too full of vitality to need to be told to enjoy each passing moment. The quick warmth of the blood ensures that that will be done.

For a long while the drama of life remains new and original, and there is no need to preach against our anxiety. It is when life as a whole begins to weigh upon the spirits, when it is seen to be a vast and complex business that must be mastered, that the lesson is needed. Work steadily for the future, but do not underrate the compensations of to-day. It is not a walking race that you have entered upon, with every stile as an obstacle; there is time to take a moment's rest on the stile and enjoy the prospect; and very likely he will go farthest in the end who has not neglected the natural enjoyments of the way.

To those who are ill, contentment is a hard saying. It may even seem a mockery. But, granting that long and fierce pain and weakness intolerable are quite beyond the region of advice and philosophizing, it yet remains true that the spirit which takes ease when it can, and makes the most of little interludes of enjoyment, and is not devoured by long thoughts of the future, is the best of spirits. Look at the patience of the sweet-souled invalids who are always thanking God for the remnant of mercies left to them.

They lose their hearing, but are consoled by the thought that they have not lost their sight. They cannot walk, but they exult in crutches. They will not relinquish the enjoyment of whatever blessings are left to them; when they can no longer be happy in the thought that they can feed themselves, they are thankful because they have somebody at hand to do so. We have here the last extreme of pathetic contentment. Surely it is better than raging rebellion which dwells on its own tortures! The two moods are analogous to those of the man who is gleaning all the compensations life affords while it is still pressing on and the man whose craving ambition denies him even a momentary undisturbed rest.

The present contentment, leading to an hour-to-hour happiness irrespective of general views and aspirations, cannot, of course, be sustained unless there is at least freedom from hunger, cold, and nakedness. The man who would work and cannot, who is dependent upon the chances of the day for his food and is powerless to ease the burdens of those whom he loves, is not likely to listen to talk about contentment or happiness. Moralizing has no place in his life till he has work and food properly to support that life. Up to a certain stage of well-being, contentment does not count; it would be, if not a vice, an evidence of want of self-respect.

But the problem of dire poverty, with its gnawing fears, is outside our scope; we are rather considering the restlessness of those who might be finding life pleasant all the while, but who spoil its daily interest by living anxiously or ambitiously outside the present; but it must be remembered that the great bulk of mankind are not of this class, or, if they are, have ineffectual ambition. Most of them will remain to the end pretty much what they are at the beginning; and for them content is the greatest possible blessing. Without it, they are yoked with unhappiness.

There is a good deal too much of the "When you cease to strive, you cease to live" about this age. That is a mistake of the age of steam, which has thought it well that men should keep on working as if by steam. It has not always been so. You may catch a far finer serenity of spirit in the old poets and the men who immediately followed them. They could retire upon themselves and find contentment in a quiet and secluded life.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," said one of them; and again, "No wealth is like a quiet mind." We are fast losing this enjoyable passivity. Yet it ought to be as natural to the man who has shot his bolt and done his best as it is unnatural to the young and energetic. One strong argument for a spirit of contentment is that it doubles a man's possessions, judging by mental effects, while discontent halves them.

IF we do our duty faithfully, we may have freedom from anxiety that gives each moment of rest thorough relaxation and pleasure. Now strength then flows to us abundantly for the sustaining of the next obligation duty places in our path. It is thus we conserve our energies and are faithful servants in the required hours of service. One can exhaust more force in an hour's unnecessary fretting than would enable them to do a day's work. It is the useless worrying that ages, and robs mature life of its beauty and power.

If children have the great privilege of growing up in an atmosphere of pure thoughts, loving affection, and righteous conduct—if they learn to conquer difficulties, to love truth, to discriminate between good and evil, and always choose the former—all these things will become part of themselves, and will cause them no hesitation in manhood or womanhood, nor occupy the attention they will need to grapple with new duties.

HUMAN life must be natural, genial, and human if it is to be worth anything. The infinite complexities of existence which puzzle and trouble and sadden us when we are young and inexperienced resolve themselves after a while into the simplest elements; a little love, a little patience, and a little sympathy unravel the threads and enable us to read the enigma.

THE first external revelation of the "dry rot" in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge, to be at street-corners without intelligible reason, to be going anywhere when met, to be about many places rather than any, to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after.

THE knowledge that a certain course of action will enhance permanent happiness, will lead to health, and give power to the faculties and value to the life is essential. The appeal to such a motive is always valid, and sometimes the best that can be selected.

IT is well that none of us can foresee the shadows through which we shall pass in the future; nor would any sad reverie upon those which fancy might draw at all fit us to enter the real ones as they approach.

INQUIRIES after happiness and rules for attaining it are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation and supporting one's self under affliction.

SYMPATHY is a potent power for good, and to neglect it in our efforts to foster good conduct is a fatal mistake.

Correspondence.

R. A. A.—All comparisons in relation to the Franco-Prussian War are in favor of the Prussians. The French, it is estimated, lost about 350,000 men, and the Prussians a little over 100,000 men.

C. C.—To detect woody fibre in paper, touch it with strong nitric acid. If wood fibre be present, the paper will be colored brown, especially on warming.

D. R. J.—The only way is to wait until the first named gentleman voluntarily resumes his visits and assumes a lover-like attitude. You are a victim of your own capriciousness. This lesson ought to be sufficient. Endeavor to conquer your variable disposition, and to act more generously and loyally.

D. R.—The mocking bird is so called because it can imitate with fidelity not only the notes of other birds but the cries of animals. It has been known to imitate inanimate things, such as the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, and the sound made by sharpening a knife on a grindstone. Its imprisonment in a cage does not seem to impair its energy or power.

E. M. DANSON.—Spectacles first came into use about the end of the thirteenth century. Some maintain that the idea was derived from the writings of Alhasen (eleventh century), or of Roger Bacon (1202). Others attribute the invention to Salvino Armati, a Florentine, who died in 1317, and that they were brought into common use by a Florentine monk, called Alexander de Spina, about 1285.

R. T.—The word "schism" is derived from the Greek, its literal meaning being "a split"; it is commonly used however to signify a division or separation in a Church or amongst the same sect or religious body; "heresy" is from a Greek word meaning "to take or choose," and is usually employed to denote a religious opinion opposed to Scripture as interpreted by the proper doctrinal standard of any particular Church; "heresy" relates to errors in faith, and "schism" to errors in worship or discipline.

E. H. T.—Vegetable ivory is the nut of a kind of palm tree which grows in South America. The nut contains a sweet liquid, which gradually thickens until it becomes hard and white. It is used instead of ivory for buttons, as large as a hen's egg. The tusks of the African elephant yield the best ivory. Those of the hippopotamus, walrus, and other animals are sometimes used for the same purpose. The Chinese and Japanese are very skilful in carving it. It is estimated that twenty thousand elephants are killed yearly in Asia and Africa for their tusks.

CINDERELLA.—We do not believe that there exists any scientific reason by which a half-extinguished fire may be re-lit or revived by means of laying a poker across it. Dr. Johnson said he thought it a superstition of the dark ages; when people fancied the presence of evil spirits prevented the fire from burning properly, and that, laying the poker across the bars, made the sign of the cross, which acted as a charm to drive them away. If you wish, it is said, to make a poor fire light up clear the ashes from the below it, and place one or two thin pieces of coal standing upright one by another (the grain upright, not across horizontally) and they will light up like a candle.

WINNIE.—Your namesake was a real person, although one of those whose history has been obscured by curious fables. She was a martyr, the daughter of a powerful baron—Thewith—and niece of St. Ineno. She lived in the seventh century, was instructed in the Christian religion by her uncle, and devoted herself to a religious life. But her singular beauty attracted the notice of the pagan king's son, Prince Cradoc (or Caradoc), and his suit being rejected, it is said that he cut off her head with his own sword. Then follows the fable that this desirable lover was struck dead, and the earth swallowed him up; that her head rolled down the hill, and where it stopped the healing spring of Holywell, England, burst forth. The fable states, furthermore, that her head was restored to her, and that she lived and was abbess of a convent during fifteen years.

P. M. W.—The most expeditious manner of electro-typing is the following:—A wax mould having been taken of the type form, a solution of sulphate of copper is poured over the face of the mould, and then it is dusted over with fine iron filings. Decomposition and recomposition take place immediately; the acid leaves the copper and unites with the iron, forming a solution which runs off, while a film of the liberated copper is instantaneously deposited on the surface of the mould. This is then placed in a vitriol bath until the deposit is of the requisite thickness—usually about that of common drawing paper. This shell looks as though the letters had been formed by punches upon a thin sheet of copper, being in bold relief upon the upper side. The shell is now placed face downwards in a casting-pan, and its back washed over with a solution of chloride of tin to make the metal back adhere. A sheet of tin-foil is then laid on, and the pan heated to about 450 degrees, when the tin melts; melted metal it now poured in, and a solid plate is formed. The plate is made of the requisite thickness for blocking by passing it though a shaving machine, after which any defects occurring in it are remedied by men known as finishers. The final operation consists in securing it upon blocks.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY M. R.

Waiting in vain for the touch of a hand
That is churchyard dust, I know—
For the sound of a voice from the far-off land
That I knew long, long ago,
While the shadows fall and the low winds sigh
Through the groves of larch and pine,
And the billowy sweep of the western sky
Has a glory half divine—

Waiting the while the first pale star
In the deep blue glimmers clear
With a steady glow from its heights afar,
For a step I used to hear—
Waiting for one who shall come no more,
Be the evening bright or gray,
To the trysting-place by the sycamore
At close of the summer day!

Oh, far away in the golden west,
And my lover's home is far
Beyond the waste where the rose-clouds rest,
And beyond the farthest star!
And the way is long and the way is lone,
But I know he awaits me there,
Where pain and partings are things unknown
And the days are ever fair!

His Majesty.

BY G. M.

IT was a nickname given him because of a certain regal air he possessed. His name, as stated by his godfathers and godmothers, was Mark, and his surname Ledbury; but most of his friends never thought of calling him anything else among themselves but "His Majesty."

Not that he ever gave himself unpleasant airs; far, far from it. Only there was something royal about the man—he had the royal gift of always remembering a face, of always saying the right thing, of making himself popular everywhere by his cheery words and pleasant smiles.

There was nothing distant or grand about him; his nature was one of those kindly expansive ones, which endear themselves to others; and although he was a man of the world and had seen plenty of life, he never lost a certain simplicity and trustfulness in his fellow-creatures, which were amongst his greatest charms.

Some people thought his simplicity absurd, and said that he would have been much happier if he had not always been in the habit of trusting people and of disbelieving in their faults.

But I don't know. It is true that he had to suffer some disillusions in his life, because he believed in unworthy people, and wove a little halo of perfection around those he loved.

Yet his friends who loved him would not have had him different; and sometimes I think his very faith in you made you try to be what he believed you to be. Somehow you felt you were, in a sort of way, on your honor with him.

But this was not always so. I have said that he was a man of the world, and busy surgeon though he was, he went out a great deal and was welcomed everywhere.

He was such a pleasant, genial person to have as one of your house party—equally pleasant to men and women, a good sportsman, and thorough man in the best sense of the word, on the one hand, but ready on the other to make himself useful and agreeable when the ladies of the house wanted him.

"Oh, we must have Dr. Ledbury," was said by more than one hostess, when making up her summer and autumn parties.

But, popular though he was, made much of wherever he went, there lay far down in the man's heart a deep-seated love of, and longing for, a home of his own. I do not think that bachelor existence, with all its charms, had much real fascination for him.

He had beautiful visions, unknown to anyone, of the sort of "home" he would like, and the kind of woman who should be its queen.

He wanted a home of his own and a wife of his own, who would enter into and understand all his hopes and ambitions and longings—wanted them with an intensity which no one, who only knew the surface of the man, would ever have realized.

He had a wonderful ideal in his mind of the woman who should be his wife. When he met Blanche Mansbridge, in a Hampshire country house, he certainly thought he had, at last, found the ideal for which he had been looking all his life.

He saw her first on a heavenly summer morning. She wore a white dress, and looked fair and fresh and sweet, and he thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Certainly she was very pretty—that fact was indisputable, and she knew perfectly well how to make the best of her beauty.

And His Majesty fell down and worshipped her.

I think he fancied in that dear, simple soul of his, that she was the fresh, dainty, innocent girl she looked; no power on earth would have persuaded him to believe that "art" ever had the faintest hand in supplementing her loveliness, nor that the apparent simplicity of the neat white gown she affected was an elaborately thought-out arrangement.

How he watched the girl in those summer days when they first met, with a strange new light in his faithful grey eyes. How he loved to see the color creep into her face as he talked to her, and those pretty blue eyes droop under his gaze.

Oh! but she was a clever girl!

She knew to a hand's turn, how to twist a man like this around her little finger. It is a marvel to me how she managed all that fascinating blushing; the lovely shy upward look of her eyes was more easily achieved, I expect, and I, of course, it was not difficult to sit and smile upon His Majesty, whilst he poured out to her all his ambitions and hopes, all the keenness about his work, all his love for it. All his soul, in fact, he laid at her feet, and she——?

Well, she smiled into his eyes, and asked little interested questions, and agreed with all his great ideals and noble hopes, and said she thought his profession was the greatest in the world, and so on, and so on, until——

Bah! it makes one almost sick to think of it.

Blanche Mansbridge was the third daughter of a man of good family and very poor means, and her elder sisters were still unmarried; and though in the ordinary course of things no doubt the Mansbridges would have looked upon the marriage of one of their daughters with even so rising a surgeon as Mark Ledbury as a terrible mesalliance; still, as matters stood in the family at present, a marriage with anybody was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And so it came to pass, only a few months after he had first seen Blanche, on a sunshiny, spring day, there was a very magnificent wedding in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, when the world in general went wild over the excessive loveliness of the bride, and a smaller world interested itself in the enormous number of wedding-presents, a full list of which appeared in the papers.

But the man who took Blanche Mansbridge to be his until death should part them, had no thought of anything but that the shining figure beside him was a very queen among women, whose shoes he was not worthy to kiss, and that, with her to urge him on, he could climb life's most difficult steeps and realize the noblest and best of his ideals.

Poor Majesty! oh, poor Majesty!

Never did a man believe in a woman as he did in this one; but, before the honeymoon was over, she was bored to death with him.

She had married him because, having thoroughly gauged him, she knew that she could, as she expressed it "have a good time" as his wife. She realized well enough, little cat, the big generous nature of the man with whose heart she was tampering.

She was fully aware that he would give her money liberally for all her extravagances, liberty to do as she pleased, and an adoring unquestioning devotion, which struck her as a useful appendage, if boring at times.

She did not hesitate to let him see that it bored her.

When the honeymoon was over, he brought her back to his big house in Cavendish Square, and they stood alone in the great drawing-room. He drew her to him with a passionate loving gesture, and lifting her face gently to his, kissed her tenderly.

"This is the beginning of our home life, my wife," he said, "it is the happiest day of my life; I don't believe anyone ever longed for a real home as I have—and you will give it to me."

He looked long and earnestly into her lovely upturned face, on which was no answering remark to his tenderness—only a little fretful pucker about the mouth, and an impatient expression about the blue eyes.

She drew herself out of his arms almost pettishly, though she laughed.

"Oh, Mark, we must stop this sort of thing now," she said, turning to the glass to readjust her hat. "We have done our honeymoon, and have got to settle into old married people. What will the servants think, if they see us going on like this?"

She laughed again, and His Majesty smiled, too—but far down in his heart there stole a little aching sense of wonder, which, however, he did not allow even to himself was pain.

He looked forward intensely to the days when his wife would be at home to greet him at the end of his busy day; but somehow his longings never seemed quite to reach realization, though every day he thought would see their fulfilment.

Of course, he said to himself cheerily, at first, in settling in, Blanche naturally had a good deal of shopping to do and many calls to pay. By-and-by things would be different. So day after day he came back to find the drawing-room deserted—his wife out—and he drank his cup of tea, as in his bachelor time, in his own study, and tried to look hopefully forward to the morrow.

That vision of his wife, perhaps even waiting for him in his study—to give him his tea and hear of his day's doings—was vanished into a dim distance. So, too, were his dreams of interesting her in his beloved hospital, which was very near to his heart.

"Dear," he said to her one day, "I wonder whether you would care to come down to the hospital sometimes and visit one of the wards. Some day I shall have a ward of my own, when I'm on the staff, and it would be awfully jolly to feel you were sharing my work."

In his voice was an almost imperceptible ring of wistfulness, which would surely have touched a less shallow, self-absorbed woman, than the one who lay back amongst the big cushions of the sofa, stroking the gleaming folds of her dainty dress.

She lifted her eyes to his—the pretty eyes with their deeply-fringed lids—eyes that seemed still to him so sweet and innocent. A look of trouble was in their blue depths now.

"Oh, Mark, must I?" she said, shrinking back a little. "You don't know how dreadfully bad it makes me feel to see a lot of sick people. I don't believe I could bear it. I went into a hospital once, and I was ill myself afterwards," and she gave a most effective little shudder. If it was acting, it was very cleverly done, and she drew nearer to her husband as she finished speaking, and laid her soft curly head against his arm. "Of course I hate not pleasing you," she went on, in her low purring voice, "but I can't tell you what I feel about sick people—even hearing a lot about them makes me quite faint—it's horrid of me."

But she lifted her eyes again to Mark's and the little deprecating, pleading look in them made his own grow wonderfully tender—and he kissed her gently—and, alas, only thought what a sensitive little wife he had and how tender-hearted; and it struck him, too, how good of her to say she was horrid.

So much for clever acting and a pair of bewildering blue eyes. Ah, poor Majesty!

He took that disappointment as he had taken all the others—very quietly and philosophically—trying to persuade himself that naturally a young girl would not care to go and visit hospital wards—that by and by things would be different—she would get older. She was so young now—of course, that was it.

I say "trying to persuade himself," because, though he breathed no syllable of it, at that time there began to be a troubled look in his grey eyes that had looked so frankly and cheerily on life before.

And the lines around his strong mouth and chin deepened ever so little—and it hurt his friends who loved him to note these little signs that some of the glory in his life had faded.

It was easy enough for outsiders to see and understand. The man with his strong, simple, loving nature unspoilt, had made a mistake in thinking he had found a woman with a nature like his own.

She was just a thorough woman of the world, and as worldly as they are made, and her shallow soul cared for very little else in this world beyond pretty clothes and the squirrel-round of society, and as much admiration bestowed upon her as she could get.

Now-a-days, too, His Majesty found a change in his house. When he came in at five o'clock, longing for a little quiet and rest, there seemed always to be a sense of bustle and movement all over the establishment.

Streams of people up and down the stairs; a buzz and clatter of voices and cups in the drawing-room over his head.

Mark went up on the first few occasions on which this was going on, to find his wife surrounded by a crowd of smart men and women, smartly dressed herself, with flushed face and shining eyes, enjoying hugely the fact of being the central figure of a little admiring court.

Somehow it seemed to Mark as if his house was never his own; so many of Blanche's smart friends were constantly in and out of it.

A good many of the men friends of her girl-days were constantly there, but there was never one special person in attendance. She was far too worldly-wise to run the faintest risk of scandal, and possessed far too little heart. It simply amused her to be admired—that was all.

She next insisted on giving a series of "dinners and at homes;" and Mark, hospitable as he invariably was, and fond of society himself to a reasonable extent, grew to positively loathe the unceasing social duties which his wife exacted.

When they had no one dining with them they had plenty of engagements; and as Mark had a rooted dislike to his wife's going out without him, he either went with her or followed her later, and contrived to burn his candle emphatically at both ends, not to say in the middle too, which told even upon his strength at last, strong though he always was.

He and his wife never spent an evening alone now. His dream of those blissful times, when he would sit in a comfortable armchair, and his wife close to him, on the arm of his chair perhaps, when they would have long talks, and he could discuss with her all his hopes and longings—had faded away into the far background of his mind.

Only his heart ached sometimes with a little dull ache, which grew and grew. One day he asked his wife if she would come down with him to Richmond and spend the day in the park, in the heavenly autumn weather. He very seldom had a spare day, and when he did get one he longed for quiet and fresh air, and the country sights and sounds.

"Richmond!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mark, how dull; and only you and I alone, too!"

"And only you and I alone, too!"—the words struck him like a stab.

"If you want to come out with me, come and shop—do, Mark, if you have the time to spare; it would be such fun."

Poor man! it was not altogether fun to him to spend the sunny afternoon in following his wife from shop to shop; and yet the fact that she seemed glad to have him with her, made his sore heart leap for joy.

As for Blanche, she was in her element; and when she found that her husband wished to buy for her every pretty garment she admired, she had a royal time indeed.

Mark loved her so; he loved to give her pretty things—to see her blue eyes shine and sparkle over them.

"She is a happy child after all," he thought to himself, in his simple soul.

But I doubt whether Blanche had ever really been a child at all; now, at all events she was a shallow, butterfly woman, with nothing of the child about her, except those innocent-seeming eyes of hers and her exquisite coloring.

She entered into no interests of her husband's—they merely bored her.

It was on a pouring wet afternoon in November that he came in brimming over with boyish excitement, to tell her that one of the ambitions nearest his heart was at last attained.

He had been elected on the staff of the hospital he loved, and his one longing, after he had heard it was to rush home and tell his wife.

He came in soaking wet out of the dripping rain, and springing up the stairs, two at a time, opened the drawing-room door eagerly.

His wife was alone, sitting by the fire, the light of the softly shaded electric lamps falling on the delicate green of her exquisite tea-gown, on the shining glory of her hair.

She looked up as he hurried in, his eyes radiant, his face beaming; but no answering smile showed on hers.

"Oh, Mark!" she exclaimed petulantly, drawing her dainty skirts around her, "how disgustingly wet you are; do for goodness sake go and change before you come into the drawing-room; and don't let any wet drip on my dress, you will spoil it completely."

The smile died from his lips, the light was quenched from his eyes, but his voice was very gentle, though he stood where he was and came no nearer.

"I came——" he began, but she interrupted him almost sharply.

"Do look at your boots, Mark—on the carpet—how can you come into the room like this? do go and change!"

Then His Majesty turned away, without another word, and tramped slowly and wearily upstairs to his dressing-room. His wife had said no word of anxiety for him in his wet clothes—all she had thought of was her own garment and the carpet.

A little bitter feeling crept about the man's loving heart. He had wanted so much—so much to come and tell his wife of his joy to be sympathized with.

There was something almost childlike about the man's eager wish to share everything with her—to come and bring her all his interests and pleasures. But like Gallio, she cared for none of these things.

And while her husband stumbled wearily about in his cold dressing-room, hunting out dry socks and getting into other clothes, she sat in the drawing-room by the bright fire, planning a new ball dress.

And His Majesty came down again to find her deep in calculation and plans, but she had not thought of the tea for him, or any other comfort. And if his body was chilled and weary, still more was he chilled to the very soul.

"You know that ball I am going to in January?" she asked, glancing up after he had been standing by the fire for a few moments, "well, I think I must get a new dress for it."

"Certainly, darling," his voice was as light as ever; the heartache did not show through. "Tell me how much you want and you shall have a check."

"You've very good taste about clothes," she went on, looking at him critically; "so I want you to tell me whether you think I should look nice in yellow satin—ever so pale—with Neapolitan violets on the bodice and around the waist. What do you think?"

She spoke as if the fate of the Empire depended on her decision, and Mark, as he always did, threw himself into her mood.

"It sounds awfully nice," he answered; "you ought to look nice in that combination of color, my dear. I forget where the ball is?"

"Oh, the Digby's, in Surrey. It's going to be a rather big affair. I wonder if you will be able to come, Mark?"

"I'll do my best, sweetheart; of course I shall come if I possibly can, to see you in the yellow satin, if for nothing else. I love to see my wife playing the part of 'first lady.' But circumstances have changed a little and I may not be free then."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I've been elected to the staff of the dear old hospital to-day, and I may be awfully busy just when the ball is on."

He still spoke eagerly, though somehow the glory had gone out of the announcement now.

Blanche did not even look up.

"Oh, stupid appointment!" she said, yawning. "I don't understand what it means quite. I thought perhaps you meant you were going to do something really interesting." And she picked up a book from the table beside her, and began idly turning the leaves.

"Really interesting"—and this was the fulfilled ambition of years of waiting. This was his work—his life; and his wife called it "a stupid appointment."

And His Majesty's eyes grew to have in them a haunting look of heartbreak, though he was as bright and cheery as ever to everyone outside; but the people who loved him knew that the old ring in his laugh had vanished, and that the look of pain in his eyes came from a pain that was eating into his very soul.

But when January came, and the week before the ball, His Majesty caught a severe chill, and though for a day or two he went about and did his work as usual, in his customary plucky way, he had at last to succumb; and on the Monday before the ball, one of his colleagues, a physician of eminence and long experience, made him go to bed.

Blanche was one of those women who are useless in cases of sickness. There was nothing about her of the "ministering angel" type.

She hated a sick room and had no notion what to do when she got inside one; and I really believe she thought it a great nuisance that Mark should have fallen ill just then.

As if he did it to spite her.

"It is so very annoying," she said plaintively to a lady who happened to be calling, and who commiserated her upon her husband being ill. "You see, we are due to go to a ball on Wednesday, and now, of course, Mark can't go—it's so much pleasanter when he takes me."

"You are still going yourself, then?" the lady asked, a touch of surprise in her voice. "Then I hope Dr. Ledbury is not very bad?"

"Oh, no, he just has a horrid cold, and he is ordered to stay in bed and keep warm. I see no reason why I should not go to the ball—I can do really nothing for him."

The lady went away in a righteous, and I think, natural wrath.

"Little beast," she said emphatically to her own husband, "there she sat, looking so pretty, and talking about her ball and all, and actually told me she could do nothing for her husband, though he is ill in bed. I'd like to hear myself say that if you were ill in bed—how I pity Dr. Ledbury!"

But Dr. Ledbury's wife only pitied herself. She wandered occasionally in and out of her husband's room; looked from a respectful distance at his flushed face on the pillow, and heard his hard cough and difficult breathing with more of annoyance than pity.

"I don't think I'll come too near you," she said airily; "it would give so much extra trouble if I caught this cold too."

And the same laudable desire to save trouble, no doubt urged her to have her bed made up in the dressing room.

His Majesty's eyes followed her hungrily and wistfully each time she flitted about, humming snatches of dance music, and fidgeting restlessly till she felt she might go out again.

His head ached a good deal, and he felt an intense desire for stillness—perhaps a cool hand on his forehead. But her evident fear of catching his cold made him refrain from asking her to do anything for him, and though her restless movements tried him almost beyond endurance, it was such joy to him to see her about him, that he would not for the world have done anything to curtail her already limited visits.

"I am such a fool about nursing, Mark, that I think Jane" (the parlormaid) "had better attend to you, and I will just look in and out to cheer you up."

So the faithful Jane did her best for the master she adored, and his wife killed time as best she could till Wednesday.

"Mark, dear," she said to him on that morning, when she came into his room, "you are really better, aren't you?"

He smiled faintly, and a fit of coughing prevented his answering for a moment. Then he whispered cheerily—he could not speak above a whisper now:—

"Oh yes, darling!—pounds better."

He thought she was really anxious about him, and the thought sent a thrill of joy through him.

"Because, Mark, then you wouldn't think me horrid if I went this afternoon to the Digby's, would you? You see it is the ball to-night—and—of course, I should be back by Friday."

The stab of pain at his heart was almost physical, it hurt so cruelly—so bitterly. She could want to go away—to dance—to amuse herself, while he was ill!

Every bit of the light that had come into his eyes at her first words, died out of them now, and it never came back to them again—never again.

"The ball—I—had—forgotten it," he whispered with difficulty. "You must go, of course, my dear—if you like."

So gentle to her—so gentle always—never thinking what he liked—always of her.

"Well, of course I should like to go, Mark; I've got my dress and all."

"Ah, yes, the pale yellow dress and violets; show it to me, dear."

He panted wearily for breath, but she did not notice it, as she brought in the beautiful dress; and in her excitement, forgot her fears, and laid it down on the bed.

He looked at it wistfully.

"I should have liked to see you in it," he said; "it is very lovely."

"I'll put it on if you like—it is no trouble."

Her voice was eager, it never was any trouble to put on smart clothes—she loved it above everything.

And in a few more minutes she was standing before him, a radiant beautiful vision, the soft satin falling about her graceful form in lovely shimmering folds, the dainty violets that lay against her neck showing up its dazzling whiteness, and making her golden hair look like a halo of glory.

"My beautiful wife," he whispered gently, "my beautiful wife."

The door opened quietly behind them, and the great doctor who was attending him entered the room. At the sight of the graceful figure in her exquisite dress, the old man looked profoundly astonished. He glanced from his patient to his wife, and back again.

"Why, Mrs. Ledbury!" he exclaimed.

"My husband wanted to see my ball-dress," she said gaily, "I am going to a ball to-night, and I have humored him and put on my dress for him to see," and she laughed her little tinkling laugh.

"You—are—going to a ball—to-night?"

The great man scanned her as if she were some strange new specimen.

"Yes; Mark says he can spare me quite well, and of course I shall be back by Friday. Now I won't disturb you."

And without giving time to answer her she swept away, Mark's eyes watching her till she vanished.

"She does not think I am bad," he said, looking at the kindly old face above him.

"I didn't say you were bad, my boy, did I?" But there was a strange huskiness in his voice, and I think if Mark's eyes had not been tired, he would have seen a dimness in those keen old eyes that scrutinized his.

"There's no question of your being bad—get right as fast as you can, and get your wife back to look after you. That's all."

But downstairs he sent for Mrs. Ledbury, and when, after keeping him waiting for ten minutes, she came rustling in, dressed for traveling, in the magnificent sables which had been Mark's latest present, all the kindness had gone from his eyes and voice; both were stern and hard.

"Are you aware, Mrs. Ledbury," he said, "that your husband is extremely ill?"

Just for a moment she looked startled, then she smiled up in his face.

"You are trying to frighten me," she answered; "he told me himself he was better."

"Oh, did he?"—the tone grew drier—"he is not better, he is worse—he is exceedingly ill. Does he like your going away to day?"

"Oh, yes," she answered naively, "he said I must certainly go, and was so pleased with my dress. I will come back to morrow if you think I ought," she added plaintively, "and if Mark really wants me; I was going to stay till Friday, but if he is really ill—I thought he only had a bad cold?" she asked abruptly.

"He has pneumonia and is very ill; I can say no more, Mrs. Ledbury; you will forgive my saying that your place is here."

Blanche drew herself up.

"My husband thinks I can go," she said haughtily, "and I see no reason why I should not, and——"

"Very well madam," the old doctor caught up his hat and gloves and turned to the door, "I can say no more—I have warned you!"

Blanche went straight up to her husband's room.

"Oh, Mark," she said indignantly, "that horrid old man says you are very ill and that I ought not to leave you; and I am sure you are better—you said so. Would you rather I stayed? because—if you would—of course——"

A tiny light of hope dawned in the tired eyes, and a little happy smile began to flicker around his mouth. If she would but stay, and of her own free will——

"Though," she went on, "it does seem a pity, if you're better—and—my lovely dress."

I think at that moment His Majesty's ideal lay shattered forever. But even now he could smile at her bravely as he said:—

"My dear, you must certainly go—I—shall be—much better before you come back."

"I thought so," she said triumphantly; "I knew that old man was fussing. Thank you, Mark, dear," and she actually stooped and kissed his forehead lightly before she tripped away to have a cab called and depart.

* * * * * *

"Come home at once."

Blanche stared at the telegram that was handed to her on the Friday morning, as she stood chatting and laughing in the great conservatory of the Digby's house.

Her face grew white, and she turned a little helplessly to the man at her side.

"It says 'come home at once,'" she said; "what does it mean? Mark must be worse."

She had stayed till the Friday, after all, arguing in her shallow little heart that as she had heard nothing on Thursday from Cavendish Square, he must be better. And she wanted to stay for the theatricals on Thursday night to show off another frock; "and after all," she said to herself, "one day can really make no difference. I will sit with Mark a lot all Saturday to make up."

So she enjoyed herself to the full, and did not give many thoughts to her home, or to the man who lay all that weary Thursday, hoping against hope that the doors would open, and that he would hear his wife's footfall on the floor, and see her lovely laughing face.

No, she did not think of him; though all day he thought of her, and longed for her with a dreary, hopeless longing; till late in the afternoon her telegram came deferring her coming till the morrow.

Still he smiled in the doctor's face.

"My wife is unexpectedly detained," he murmured, clasping the telegram in his poor weak hands. "Unexpectedly detained." Then he turned his face to the wall.

When she got that telegram on Friday morning, Blanche started home at once, and about three o'clock in the afternoon she reached her own house. On the threshold of the door she met the great doctor, his rugged face lined more than usual, his kindly eyes troubled and dim.

He drew aside to let her pass into the hall, only taking off his hat to her with frigid politeness.

"Oh!" she said, timidly laying her hand on his arm, "they telegraphed for me. Is Mark worse? or is he better, now that you are going?"

A stern look came into the eyes that met hers.

"Madam!" he answered grimly, "your husband died this morning. I am glad you have been able to return to make all necessary arrangements." And raising his hat once more he left the house.

"I can't help it if I was cruel," he muttered, "she wants it. He died of a broken heart, if ever a man did—he had no heart to get well."

And Blanche stood where he had left her, with a white face and quivering lips, and her blue eyes brimming with tears.

Dead?—Mark dead? Oh! it was impossible! She must go and see—why, it could not be!

The house was deathly still she thought as she went upstairs shivering, with slow dragging steps. On the landing she met Jane, her eyes swollen with crying.

"Oh, ma'am!" the girl cried, "oh, ma'am!" and burst again into bitter weeping.

Blanche looked at her.

"Is it true?" she said in a dazed voice.

"True! Oh, come and see him, ma'am," the maid sobbed, and moving on in front of her mistress she opened the door of the room in which Blanche had said "Good-bye" to her husband only two days ago.

A trained nurse was moving softly about the room, but on seeing Blanche she stole quietly away, drawing Jane after her.

Blanche looked fearfully around. The familiar room, with its unfamiliar stillness struck a chill terror into her heart. She shrank back against the wall and looked at everything except—except at the still form upon the bed.

She had feared sickness—she feared death a thousand times more. Why had they left her alone, here in this horrible silence with—with it? She could have screamed in sheer terror, but something within her, she did not understand, kept her silent.

Still shrinking close against the wall, she let her eyes fall at last upon the bed, and then some strange fascination led her to draw nearer.

The little butterfly woman looked down with wide frightened eyes at the man whose heart she had broken, lying still now in the majesty of Death. A great cross of violets lay on his heart, brought only an hour before by the students who had loved him.

The strong face seemed even stronger in death, and the lines that sorrow had carved, death had wiped out. But the tender eyes were close—they would never

look lovingly on her again; the lips that had smiled on her to the very last were set now, in a grave, quiet curve, and the stillness terrified her.

"Mark! oh, Mark, wake up!" she said in a whisper, "I am so frightened;" and she cowered back against the wall again and broke into wild sobs and tears.

But His Majesty lay still in the slumber from which there is no awakening.

* * * * * * *

"And I think I shall wear deep widow's weeds," she was saying, only next day, to her bosom friend. "They are so becoming—especially as I am fair; and black is always charming—don't you think so, dear?"

Ah, poor Majesty! poor Maj a y!

A Simple Woman.

BY S. E. W.

"SHE'S a perfect dream!" said Spink.

"Just so," said Spark.

Then for a matter of ten minutes or so the silence was broken only by the scratching and sputtering of a couple of pens.

"Spark, old man," ejaculated Spink, swinging around on his office stool and dropping a heavy, if friendly, hand upon the shoulder of his fellow clerk—"Spark, old man, I'm head over heels in love with her."

"So am I," groaned Spark.

Another silence. The joint confession did not appear to have simplified matters at all. It seldom does when the parties interested are two lovers, with but one lass.

"I have read of similar cases to ours in novels," began Spink at length. "As rivals, the proper thing appears to be to commence by cutting each other's throats."

"In novels, yes," assented Spark.

"However, we are far too sensible to resort to any such painful and disgusting extreme. Now, Spark, we'll keep our tempers and settle this business in our usual friendly fashion.

"To begin, then, I opened the door for the lady when she came after this appointment, consequently, I saw her before you did. Having established my prior claim——"

"But you've done nothing of the kind," broke in Spark. "If you remember, I was on corresponding terms with the lady before you ever saw her."

"Corresponding terms!" gasped Spink, to whom this was a revelation.

"Certainly. Who wrote the letter asking Miss Barr—or, say, Dolly—to meet the guv'nor here in the matter of the advertisement?"

"Oh, come now, Spark, that was business."

"Of course, and I mean to go on with the business, too," chuckled Spark. "I'm sorry for you, Spink, but in this matter I stand first, and your own common sense, if you had any——"

"Here, what's that?" broke in Spink warmly. "Common sense, indeed! You're losing your manners, Spark."

"You've not picked them up, evidently," retorted Spark, "or you should know how to use them. But there"—extending his hand—"we'll not quarrel. You always were a short tempered fellow, and I——"

"Short-tempered!" blurted Spink. "You'd better mind what you're saying, you idiot!"

"Spink!"

"Spark!"

Wheeling around, they faced each other, the light of battle in their eyes. As rapidly as it had arisen, the storm subsided.

The sound of a light step in the corridor, and the frowns had vanished. Miss Barr entered the office, to find her admirers, as usual, all smiles.

With a sweet 'Good-morning," and a bewitching smile to share between them, the vision of loveliness tripped lightly into the principal's office.

However, pretty as she was, the ordinary, unprejudiced outsider might have found a fault even in Dolly.

Love seldom peeps through eyes like hers. "Business" was Dolly's strong point.

For the next few days Spink and Spark were alternately at peace and war.

Dolly declined to exhibit a preference for either, and graciously accepted presents from both.

One morning Spink was particularly elated. He flattered himself that he had gained a distinct advantage over his rival, and for hours he babbled of nothing but "fairy fingers" and "digits divine."

"Look here, Spink," suddenly ejaculated his friend. "What on earth are you raving about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Either explain your drivel ling idiocy, or dry up!"

"Ah, my boy," chuckled Spink. "Such fingers! Soft as velvet and as white as milk!"

"You won't liken mine to velvet if you don't explain!" roared Spark. "What do you mean?"

"Gloves, my boy! Gloves! Bought her a box—whisper it—tried them on! 'Marked in plain figures, two and eleven,—size, six and a quarter!"

"'Six and a quarter!'" repeated Spark musingly. "It appears to me Dolly's hand gets less."

"What do you mean?" demanded Spink, suddenly becoming serious.

"Oh, nothing!" responded Spark. "Only the box I bought her the day before yesterday were a size bigger—six and a half."

For some minutes there was a painful silence, broken at length by a merry rippling laugh—her laugh. The door of the principal's room was ajar. Spink and Spark, with strained ears, and malice aforethought, listened.

There was no mistaking that voice. A trifle more tender than usual, but the "governor's" for all that.

"Won't you, dear?" it asked, with a loving tenderness that brought murder into the heart of Spink and Spark. "Come Dolly, name it."

A rich mellow laugh, and then a voice—Dolly's.

"Oh, very well, you dear old goose. If you won't wait, say a month to day. Will that do, Sammy?"

"Sammy!" "Dear old goose!"

Spink and Spark stared at each other and gasped for breath. Was this to be the end?"

"Outrageous!" gasped Spink.

"An old villain!" muttered Spark. "Old enough to be her father."

* * * * * * *

"I have a little surprise for you."

Mr. Samuel Wreckham had really no secret to impart, but that was scarcely his fault. Spink knew what was coming—Spark could guess.

"The office will be closed next Wednesday. I shall be glad to see you at St. Martin's Church, where an interesting little ceremony is to take place at ten-thirty."

Dolly blushed, and at the same time put in a word.

"You will be there, won't you?" she asked sweetly.

"Very pleased, I'm sure," stammered Spink.

"Delighted," gasped Spark.

We are told that "all men are liars," but Spink and Spark were surely a sorry sample. The effort nearly choked them.

"It won't do to let everybody see we are hard hit," said Spark afterwards. "We shall have to be there, and—what about a wedding present?'

Spink abstractedly produced an engagement ring from his pocket.

"I bought this for her," he murmured, "and she shall still have the chance of refusing it."

"Strange," muttered Spark, with a weakly smile, as he produced a similar token. "They may as well go together."

* * * * * * *

But, after all, there was no wedding at St. Martin's on that particular Wednesday morning.

Some time in the wee sma' hours the splendid mansion of Mr. Samuel Wreckham was visited by a clever gang of burglars.

The wedding presents, plate, and everything of value—including Dolly—was carried off.

A day or two later the following postcard was received by Wreckham and Son. It was read by Spink and Spark before it found its way into the principal's office:

"DEAR SAMMY" (it read)—"Awfully sorry to say good bye. We should have 'touched you' before, if I could have found it in my heart to leave all those beautiful wedding presents.

"Kindly thank Spinky and Sparky for their lovely rings—which realized five dollars at 'mine uncle's.'

"Would marry you all if it were not for the fact that my present husband and partner in our line of business might object.

"Taken on the whole, we have done very fairly for one night's work, though a lot of your boasted 'solid silver' is only plated.

"But what can a simple woman expect—'Men were deceivers ever. "DOLLY"

ABOUT NEIGHBORS.

To unsympathetic persons neighbors are a matter of indifference. They may come and go, be sick or well, marry or be buried, it is all one to the looker-on. If they have children they are simply noisy nuisances; if they have no bright little faces peering out at the window-panes, they only think that the latter must be pleasantly free from finger-marks; that is all.

It is not necessary to be intrusive to be human. One may see over the way a pretty female head, bent over some needlework, without gazing rudely.

Without a shadow of impertinence, one may, as the months pass, get so accustomed to the motions and habits of a neighbor that any departure from the usual routine really calls forth concern for possible affliction.

Were I an artist, I should not always go to Italy for my subjects. I should sometimes paint "Neighborly Window Peeps;" the mother, in her nursery, washing her dimpled baby; the father, as he leaves in the morning, stooping to kiss the white forehead; and the little child, playing with its toys.

And what prettier than a twilight scene? when through the half closed curtains, the flashing firelight touches a new picture on the wall, now the curly head of a little child, as it sits upon the carpet; now the thoughtful face of the mother by the hearth, with her arm around her boy, while another rests its tired head upon her knee; and the eldest girl, with her delicate profile clearly defined against the window sits listening intently for another footstep than her father's.

And when the bridal day comes and the beautiful flowers are carried in, and the guests come and go; and, last of all, when the light foot crosses the parental threshold, to joy or sorrow (God knoweth) can one regard it only with a curious eye? can one's heart stifle its good wishes for a neighbor, though one may have only a window acquaintance? And when, after months of absence, the blinds are drawn down, and snowy flowers are again carried into that house, alas! for the sweet breath that is gone—can one's heart freeze in one's breast because under that coffin-lid lies not its own?

Can one selfishly sit down to the anniversary feast, nor sigh to think of the empty chair across the way in the house of the neighbor?

There may be those who can do this; but it must be that "the unbidden guest" never sat at their hearth, or table. When that day comes, how impossible, how wonderful will seem this indifference to a common woe, which to every stricken heart, as it comes, seems as though it should challenge the sympathy of the whole world.

Alas for the great swarming city, with its rushing tide of business and pleasure; sweeping past the dead as the living; swallowing up in its maelstrom so much that would tend to humanize and unite us; hurrying us on past green and sunny spots, where the soul would fain linger, and breathe and rest; pointing ever with ambitious finger to some possible goal in the distance, which, if ever reached through all this weary travel and sacrifice, is in the neighborhood of our tomb.

AS TO THE "FUNNY BONE"—Everybody is familiar with the disagreeable sensation in the finger tips known as a "knock on the funny bone." In reality it is not a bone at all that causes the curious tingling, but a nerve (the ulnar). It is for the most part deep-seated in the flesh, but near the back of the elbow lies close to the under-surface of the skin.

When this is accidentally struck, the nerve conveys the impression to the brain. But sensations brought by the ulnar nerve are those usually which have been caused at its ends, the finger-tips; and the brain refuses to believe that any message can come along the telegraph-wire of the nerve except from the regular stations. So when the knock is experienced and the message received, the brain refers it as having come from the termini of the line instead of from somewhere midway, and despite the actual fact, assures us that it is our fingers that are tingling, and not our elbow.

In the same way, soldiers who have lost their legs sometimes say they feel a pain in the toe. What is happening is that the remainder of the nerve that used to go to the toes is being affected, and the brain (which is the real and only seat of all pain) cannot account for the sensation except as coming from the absent foot.

At Home and Abroad.

A doctor has started a theory that most all drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment—namely, by eating apples at every meal. Apples, if eaten in large quantities, he avers, possess properties which do away with the craving that confirmed drunkards have for drink.

Many gold finds have been purely accidental. An adventurer who had drifted into a Colorado mining town awoke without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a claim, and opened one of the most profitable mines in the locality. Another rich mine in Colorado was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave.

In some parts of Sicily the birth of a girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a black flag is hung out of the window to proclaim the sad event. Having to be supported by the family as long as they are unmarried, and being obliged to dower the bridegroom, they are looked upon as expensive luxuries. Boys, on the other hand, are very soon self-supporting, and when the time comes for marrying, increase the family wealth by bringing home a bride and her dot. The girls live in seclusion, are most kindly treated, and at the age of fourteen or sixteen they are disposed of on a purely financial basis.

The King of Denmark is essentially a "homely man." He walks about everywhere unattended, or apparently so, ready to do anything to help anybody; and one of his favorite pastimes is to come across a friend or acquaintance in the street and carry him off somewhere for refreshments. The king's purse, however, is almost invariably empty, if not left at home, and the result is, that the guest has often to pay for the feast. The story is told how, one day meeting an unusually crusty courtier, he offered him refreshment, and when the paying time came found himself, as usual penniless. Fortunately, however, King Christian caught sight of his son, the Crown Prince, approaching, and hurrying to him he whispered: "For goodness' sake, my dear boy, lend me some money: I have been entertaining So and So—and I can't pay."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Philadelphia

Our Young Folks.

THE DISCONTENTED BEE.

BY A. N.

LITTLE Miss Bee was crying, yet some people would not have known it, for it is not everybody's ears which can distinguish between a bee's sobbing and singing.

But this one was crying, there was no doubt of it; her sobs were piteous to listen to, as she leant her head against the door of the hive, tiny tears trickling down one by one—such a small, desponding, sorrowful creature she looked, with all the gay, bright, laughing world around her.

For it was summer time, the garden was gay with flowers, the scent of which filled the air with perfume, and all the trees were waving, and bending, and laughing together, as if they rejoiced in the clear blue sky above, rejoiced in the sunshine, rejoiced in all the summer gladness, and in life itself.

And away, not far from the cottage garden, were the downs, where the breezes rioted and romped, the sunlight lay warm and golden, and the harebells, wild thyme, and many other wild flowers, shook and swayed to and fro, as if with laughter, making a low, sweet sound, like the chiming of fairy bells.

Miss Bee's young friends and companions were all up there at their daily toil, which was very like play to them, so much they loved the gathering of sweets and pollen, and bringing home their tiny burdens, to lay by for the winter.

Ah! yes, they were up there. She heard them go trooping off, a rollicking party, while she lay hidden away in a stately lily, too miserable and discontented to join them, and now they were gone, and the hive was quiet—at least, free from their clamoring young voices, she crept into the porch-like entrance, to have a good cry.

"Oh! I could be happy if I had something great and grand to do, if I were beautiful even, which I am not! Oh! if I were a beautiful butterfly, my life would be a glory of joy and pleasure, all the world would admire me!" so she wailed, and just then, as if to mock her, a lovely painted butterfly went sailing by, spreading her wings of rainbow tints to the sun. Little Miss Bee's sobs seemed to be choking her, as she watched the bright creature go flashing away out of sight.

"Why, Miss Bee, what's the trouble?" It was a bluebottle fly which spoke, a friendly old fellow, but somewhat bluff in his way.

"Oh! Mr. Bluebottle, I want to be a butterfly—in short, anything but what I am, I don't care who knows it." So she spoke, but she did care, for she hung her head in shame.

"Well, that doesn't speak much for your wisdom, since you are a bee, and always will be a bee," replied plain-spoken Mr. Bluebottle.

"But I don't want to be a bee, and what shall I do?" was the hopeless rejoinder.

"Well, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

"And what is that?" queried Miss Bee, fretfully.

"Do your duty," and on went Mr. Bluebottle, who was not given to making many remarks.

"He doesn't know what it is to wish to soar, and rise, and shine." The little bee spoke in scornful pity.

"Who doesn't?" asked a hollow voice, and a worm lifted its head out of its hole.

"Why, that thick-headed bluebottle fly," rejoined Miss Bee, disdain in her tone, at talking to a worm.

"Well, you do, I should think, and were I you, Miss Bee, I should be the happiest being alive. As it is, I try to be happy, because I am what I ought to be," quoth the worm.

"You are but a poor earthworm," scoffed Miss Bee; and the worm, abashed, was silent, and drew in its head.

"What's that you were saying?" asked a pretty modest gray moth, flitting by, she had no great pretension to beauty, save when the sunlight fell on her, then she shone like polished silver.

"I was speaking to that wretched worm yonder," explained Miss Bee; for the humble worm had raised his head again to listen, but spoke never a word.

"Why wretched worm?" questioned Miss Moth

"Because it's so earthly, and has no ambition," responded the other.

"Does ambition make people happy and keep them from being wretched?" and the little moth eyed the other narrowly.

"No, not happy, perhaps," faltered the bee; "but I think it grand not to be content to be humble and common."

"Humble and common! I think we are all humble and common enough. I shall wish you good morning;" and the moth spread her wings and soared away, a silvery mite.

"Oh dear, will nobody sympathize with me?" moaned the unhappy bee.

And now the soft breezes came wandering down from the hills, rippling with the laughter of the tiny laborers up among the chiming bell-like flowers. Silly little bee! letting the precious moments glide by unimproved, in vain regrets for what could never be.

"Who wants sympathy?" asked a tiny ant, toiling along with a baby in her mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ant, I do; but you can't help me," spoke the little bundle of discontent, pouting as much as a bee can pout.

"I am not so certain of that," rejoined the honest ant; "what is the matter?"

"I want to be what I am not," was Miss Bee's explanation.

"Well, you'll never be that, because nature is nature. Still I am sorry for you," spoke little Mrs. Ant.

"Isn't it sad that I should be only a bee and you an ant, toiling, drudging creatures, without beauty or grace, when we could—at least, I could—enjoy life so much, if only I had the beauty of a butterfly, and had time to go here and there to be admired."

"Nonsense, child! nonsense!" cried homely Mrs. Ant. "Why ours is a nobler life, if we choose to make it so, than ever a butterfly could rejoice in living. We are teaching the wide world a lesson. 'Busy as a bee,' 'Industrious as an ant,' is said of those who work, and toil, and never grow weary.

"Homely in appearance we are, I grant, but there was never a life so lowly and mean which could not be made beautiful and noble by patient perseverence in well-doing. If we are among earth's humblest and lowliest workers, I don't see why we shouldn't make the most of our little lives, and be hearty and happy, doing our very best, as nature intended us to do."

"Come," continued Mrs. Ant, "as it's a fine day, and my work is forward at home, I've a mind to go and see my cousins up on the downs, if you will bear me company, and then you can fall in with your friends; it is light work and willing hands up there on such a day as this."

So Mrs. Ant lay down her baby in a daisy, which served for a cradle, and off went the two together, as much as one flying and the other crawling could be supposed to keep together.

Joy, gladness, merriment, and laughter were rioting among the sunbeams there, and honest labor was the order of the day. The ant knolls were teeming with life.

Miss Bee happening to alight on a fairy circle, was changed into an ant for the time being, and went with her sage old friend into the midst of an ant village, nobody there knowing she was a changeling.

The streets were full of passers to and fro, those who brought in, and those who stored; some were what we should call merchants, changing and exchanging goods with one another, for there was no coin current there.

Some were humble sellers, bright active little creatures with twinkling eyes, others were porters, others attended to the sick. There were nurses walking here and there with baby ants, wee, weak, colorless things, out for their daily airing, as we may suppose, but all were happy, good-humored, and contented.

And up above, the bees were buzzing, that it was sundown, and they were going home. Then Miss Bee and Mrs. Ant set off homeward for the little bee did not wish to join her companions, they laden with the fruits of their labors, she bearing home nothing at all.

But the next morning, at sunrise, she was away to the downs; she had learnt the secret of life, that great things are small, if done for vain-glory and to please self, and small things great, if performed honestly and well for the sake of duty and right; that the labors of the lowly ones make up much of the great world's happiness and comfort.

How she toiled all that summer, poor little ardent thing, forgetting self and pleasure, because she was so full of inward satisfaction in doing and bearing.

When winter came, and the butterflies drooped, and shrank away out of sight forgotten, when even the pattern ants fed on their summer gleanings, and thought not of others, Widow Grant sold honey, and bought firing for her children's comfort with the money; and Miss Bee was glad in the great joy of knowing that she had not toiled and labored all the fair summer for herself alone, but also for others.

She knew now, that small could be made great, and great could be made small; that, as the wise man puts it, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

FOR REMARKABLE REASONS

If some people had their way, church bells would soon cease to be, and their noise would no longer be heard in the land.

Such a consummation is not to be wished, for there is a great deal of antiquarian and popular interest associated with them, while in many cases they unquestionably perform a useful office.

Bells in many parts of the country fulfil the functions of the factory "buzzer." At Whitby one in the turret of the town hall is rung at six in the morning and six in the evening, for the benefit of working people.

But very often it is the church bell that is used for this purpose. Sometimes this is done only during the ingathering of the harvest. At Weighton, for instance, it has long been customary to ring the church bell at five o'clock every morning while the corn is being cut and garnered.

Where, however, a church bell is used at all as a means of calling folk to work—and such is commonly the case in rural parts of Yorkshire, as well as in many agricultural counties—it is generally rung every week day all the year round. In some instances; too, the bell tells the arrival of noon, as well as of "knocking off" time, usually six o'clock.

At some places, again, a single bell is rung at eight or nine o'clock every evening. Of course, this, like the curfew bell—still to be heard somewhere or other in certain English counties—serves a purpose, since householders are in the habit of setting clocks by it.

But how the custom originated is a mystery. At Kidderminster there used to be a tradition that once upon a time a man lost his way, that he was guided home by the ringing of the compline bell, and that out of gratitude therefor he left a bequest to provide for the tolling of the bell at the same hour for ever.

The passing bell, moreover, has its uses as well as its significance. For one thing, it conveys the intelligence to those at a distance that a certain person, known to have been in a critical condition, has gone.

At a village in the north of Lancashire, and elsewhere, it is usual to toll the age of the deceased, and in some places this is done—in addition, of course, to ringing the death-knell—after an inquest.

A curious custom in connection with the passing bell obtains in parts of the North country. It is observed on New Year's Eve. As soon as the last stroke of midnight has sounded the age of the year is tolled, as was formerly done regularly every day in certain places in the South of England.

When it comes to expressing joy, the use of the church bells is sometimes less defensible than in the foregoing cases. Not long ago "molten golden notes" tolled out of a steeple on the borders of Leicestershire because a locally trained horse had won a certain race.

Some of the parishioners, greatly scandalized at this circumstance, communicated with the bishop, who solemnly censured the rector of the church. That diplomatic gentleman, however, neither admitted nor denied his offence.

He most fortunately discovered that the day on which he had ordered the bells to be rung was the anniversary of a certain royal personage's birth, and, when called upon by his ecclesiastical superior for an explanation in connection with the charge which had been brought against him, he referred the bishop to the almanac.

More than once the result of a foot ball match has been celebrated with pæans from church bells. Where the footer fever is raging in its most virulent form the result of a match creates the wildest excitement in a town, and in several instances even the church bells have been made to contribute to the general rejoicings.

NOTHING of real worth can be achieved without working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty which we call effort; results apparently impracticable are thus often made possible.

The World's Events.

The house fly makes 330 strokes a second with its wings; the bee 190.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

It is stated that a third of the population of the United States now live in the Mississippi Valley.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

Instead of an engagement ring, the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart a piece of beautiful silk for her sash.

The smallest bird's egg is that of the tiny Mexican humming bird, which is scarcely larger than a pin's head.

The leathern apron worn by the blacksmith is mentioned by Pliny as in use in his time, two thousand years ago.

The average weight of a man 6 feet high should not exceed 178 pounds; at least that should be taken as a natural proportion.

Among new inventions is a boat with steel fins which is propelled solely by the motion of the sea water. It goes best in rough water.

Smoking is universal in Siam, and children begin to puff the native cigarette, rolled in lotus leaf, at the tender age of three or four.

There are some large landowners in Australia. One of them has 620,000 acres, another 1,200,000, a third 3,000,000, while a big bank owns no fewer than 7,800,000 acres.

Almost all the camphor of commerce is the production of the camphor laurel or camphor tree, which is a native not only of Japan, but of China, Cochin China, and Formosa.

Up to 1826, on the Sabbath, there were chains across the streets of all the churches below the City Hall, in New York, to prevent the passage of carriages during the hours of worship.

The fishermen of Holland take the precaution of killing all fish caught as soon as they are landed, while French fishermen, on the contrary, allow the fish to die from asphyxiation.

The smallest known species of hog are the pigmy swine of Australia. They are exactly like their larger brethren in every particular except size, being no larger than a good-sized house rat.

It is not generally known that the pharmacist has long used the dog-rose for the manufacture of a confection, practically a jam, which he employs in binding together the ingredients of pills.

The favorite sport of the Siamese is fish-fighting. So popular is it that the King of Siam derives considerable revenue from the license fee exacted for the privilege of keeping fighting fish.

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands six against six, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote of seven against five leaves the decision to the court, and in a vote of eight against four the prisoner is convicted.

Salt pork, which was for centuries the staple food of the mariners of England, is almost erased from the bill of fare on passenger ships, and is served only twice a week to the bluejackets in the Navy.

Vegetables in the mountains of Sweden, Norway, and Lapland suffer greatly from the Norway rats. Farming in these districts would be very unprofitable were it not for the white foxes, which prey largely upon the rats.

In the sixteenth century there was a curious law in England whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were tempted to make use of their employers' money.

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$5, $10, $25, $100, $500 or even $1000. There is $11,500 which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has set aside soon to distribute among 440 people. Do you want some of it? You cannot exactly get it for the asking, but it is almost as easy. Write to

The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia

AS WE GO.

I sometimes wonder if the man that's hurryin' hot and fast
Don't find that his success ain't worth the trouble at the last.
For there's pleasures,
And there's treasures,
In their time for one and all:
It's the green fruit needs the shakin';
Ripe and ready fruit will fall.

The one that travels fast will be the first to get back home,
But the lingerers have the wild flowers an' the music when they come.
As for duty,
There's no beauty
That's too fair for her to boast:
Those who let her join their pastimes
Are the ones that love her most.

STUDENTS AND SWORDS.

It is said of Prince Bismarck, who is now a feeble old man falling into bodily and mental decay, that in his youth he fought thirty duels. If these include those he fought as a German college student, the case is not so bad as it may seem.

In the "good old days" when Heidelburg University nurtured chivalrous sentiments, as well as the arts and sciences, every student was obliged to join a club formed from his own countrymen. In this way national prejudices were strengthened, and private as well as public quarrels sprang us between the different "Landsmen," as easily as, in those times, the sword was wont to spring from its scabbard.

These clubs were supposed, in the time of Napoleon, to possess too much influence; and were consequently suppressed as mere "college" cliques; and in the names "Swabian," "Prussia," etc., which are adopted by the present "corps" of the University, we find a reason for the origin of student dueling, which obtains to such an extent throughout Germany.

These clubs, composed of young men of all ranks and from all nations, without personal quarrels or national animosities, challenge one another to single combat merely for the honor of their "corps," or, as some say, to keep up that old spirit of "knighthood" which this more practical age is apt to despise.

At any rate the duels take place; dangerous and disfiguring wounds are given and received. A correspondent writing of an affair of this kind he personally attended says: The "Swabians" in green caps, and the "Vandals" in red, were to test the prowess of their best swordsmen—and for this purposed repaired, in broad daylight, to the romantic valley of "Brunnenstube," which lies embosomed among hills, just across the Neckar, an hour's walk from Heidelburg.

A steep bank furnishes seats for the company; a couple of beer kegs are mysteriously furnished, and the preparations for the combat begin; the stout man in shirt-sleeves is pointed out as the doctor, and with his aid the champions are armed for the fight. This is quite a process in itself; first the upper clothing is removed, and a linen shirt substituted; a thick band is wound on the muscular parts of the sword arm; then covering after covering is added, till the arm which must do the cutting and thrusting is so heavy and unwieldly that a second person must hold it at right angles with the owner's body till the moment for action arrives; next, a quilted leathern apron is made to cover the stomach and thighs; and with a black silk stock of thick substance to protect the neck, the doughty knights step forth, with head and left side wholly unguarded except by the good sword which is now given into his right hand.

"Ready," cried a second, "Now then!"—and at it they went, a very rapid and handsomely executed pass—and again they thrust and parried, till the word "Halt" put a momentary stop to the fight: a second meeting, and the Swabian received a slight cut on the forehead; the third encounter was a series of lightning strokes and rapid evolutions with the keen blades, and immediately after the word "Halt," I saw a stream of blood flowing down the face and over the shirt of the "Vandal." He was led away and the doctor called.

The Swabian walked coolly away and began to dress. The Vandal had a cut some six inches in length; beginning just below the temple it ran along the cheek towards the nose, and then turned upwards, making a slit wound, a very ghastly looking thing! He summoned all his pride, and bore the pain right manfully. They washed the wound, which bled profusely; he seemed faint, and sat down. The Swabians congratulated their champion, and said it was a capital stroke—a double action movement, which only a skillful hand could make.

No one seemed to feel that this was a foolish mutilation, although the poor fellow will be sick perhaps a month, and carry a hideous scar till the day of his death. After a moment's pause, the students turned from the wounded man to make preparations for a second duel.

This was between inexperienced and younger members of the "corps," "Foxes," as they are termed. The combatants wore caps, and exhibited little skill in the use of their weapons. One received a wound on the chin, and the other's ear was divided into a couple of parts by a bungling thrust of his adversary, but these awkward displays were only laughed at by the groups of students.

I had always supposed these duels mere boy's play, although in the streets of Heidelberg every fifth student that one meets, has a scar or an ugly wound on his face—but when the fact is known that such a wound as I saw given, if it had passed a half inch further to the left, would have destroyed the eye of the student, this sort of dueling seems very little like boy's play—boy's mischief would be the better word.

THE HYGIENE OF LAUGHTER.—It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from that conveyed at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does a new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Grains of Gold.

The higher you go up in life the colder it gets.

It is much better to be alone than to be in bad company.

We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

In the good as well as in the evil of life less depends upon what befalls us than upon the way in which we take it.

Throw life into a right method, that every hour may bring its employment and every employment have its hour.

To discover our lack of wisdom only to lament it is as useless as it is distressing; but to realize our need of it in a way that leads us to repair the defect is both wholesome and encouraging.

Femininities.

Women who wear short hair will become men in a future world—at least, so the Chinese believe.

There are plenty of people who would be perfectly willing to take chances if they could only get them.

Out of the enormous number of women in Constantinople—the population is nearly a million—not more than five thousand can read or write.

Ada: "I can't imagine how that secret leaked out." Floss: "Nor I! I'm sure everyone to whom I told it promised to say nothing about it."

If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where people have been smoking, the usual smell of stale tobacco will be gone in the morning.

A young Tennessee girl recently married a perfect stranger, alleging that she should have plenty of time to become acquainted with him afterwards.

Nearly forty years have elasped since Queen Victoria witnessed a horse-race. Her Majesty was present with the Prince Consort on the occasion of the running for the Ascot Stakes in 1859.

Both men and women want to conceal their age and for much the same reason. Men wish to appear older than they are in order to rule sooner, and women wish to appear younger than they are in order to rule longer.

Artificial flowers were invented by pious nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were, up to the end of the eighteenth century, decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, made of paper and parchment.

A gentleman, in addressing a lady who has just remarried in New York for the third time, said, reproachfully, "You never come to Chicago now?" "Indeed I do," she replied, in the most natural manner. "I always pass my widowhoods there."

In a village in the Tyrol may be seen a life-size figure of our Saviour, under a canopy, in the street. From the wounded side flows a stream of water, at which the women fill their pails all day long. That sacred symbol thus serves the purpose of a common pump!

Lady, after going over the whole stock of blankets: "You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here." Shopkeeper, weary, but polite: "If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you."

"Here's an account of a man," said Mrs. Gadsby, "who hasn't spoken a word to his wife in three years."

"That's rather a rigid adherence to one of the rules of politeness."

"Rule of politeness!" said Mrs. Gadsby, in a scornful tone.

"Yes—never interrupt a lady while she is talking."

A statement recently made by the Society of New England Women that there is to be found no descendant of Priscilla Alden of Mayflower fame is proved to be incorrect. A little girl about 12 years of age, named Priscilla Mullens Alden, who lives in the old Alden homestead at Duxbury, Mass., which was built in 1653, is ninth in descent from Priscilla and John Alden.

When the telephone was placed in one of Queen Victoria's palaces she was promised that the first message should be sent by a brass band. As a delay occurred no band was on hand, and the eminent electrician sang "God Save the Queen" instead. The Queen was asked if she recognized the air, and replied: "Yes, it is the national anthem, but very badly played."

It is often said, but it is quite a mistake, that Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor breakfasted on beef-steaks and ale, and that wine was such a rarity as to be sold only by apothecaries as a cordial. The science of good living was as well understood in those days as it is now, though the fashion might be somewhat different. The nobility had French cooks; and among the dishes mentioned by writers of that day we find not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, rabbit, capon, pig, but also red or fallow deer and a great variety of fish and wild-fowl, with pastry and cream, Italian confections and preserved fruits, and sweetmeats from Portugal.

There are doctors and doctors. Among the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust but exacting, healthy but irritable.

"I don't know what is the matter with my family, doctor," he said; "but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something—I don't know what—in fact, the whole house is upset. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous prostration."

"I think it would be all right," said the doctor, "if you took a six months' tour of Europe alone."

"I," cried paterfamilias—"the only well member of the family?"

"Yes," said the doctor gravely; "you ought to travel for the health of your family."

Masculinities.

Every man thinks he is the best friend some other man ever had.

The faultfinder would growl about the weather if it were raining money.

"Smithers is positively the most inhospitable man I ever saw." "Yes; I never knew him even to entertain an idea."

President Andrews, of Brown University, served through the civil war as a private, lost an eye and sustaining other injuries in battle.

The man who has an axe to grind usually overlooks the fact that someone else is furnishing the motive power to revolve the grindstone.

"O, Clarence," exclaimed Mrs. McBride as her brother entered the house, "baby's cut a tooth!" "Why do you let her play with knives?" asked the bachelor brother.

"Hasn't he gotten through with what he had to say?" inquired the man who had been asleep. "Yes," replied the friend next him "But there's no telling when he will conclude."

In order not to be an exception to the rule, Clubleigh ran down his mother-in-law. "Briefly, what have you against her?" asked his friend impatiently. "Her daughter," was the laconic reply.

Sumner A. Leach of Pleasantville, Knox county, Me., has the hat that his great-great-grandfather wore at the time of his wedding, 140 years ago. It was a black beaver with a very wide brim, and cost $7 when new.

An eminent scientist says that persons who have taken an active part in the scientific world should be killed at sixty, as not being flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. He is himself nearly fifty-seven.

A Vermont family that started out to name the children to commemorate their birthday has one, born on the Fourth of July, christened Freedom, and another, identified with the great storm nine years ago is called Blizzard.

The German Emperor is a great collector of autographs, and specially prizes the signatures of military commanders of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, of which he is said to possess a large number.

"I have a place for everything, and you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his boot-jack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

With his foot on the window sill and the general air of the man who knows how it is and is willing to tell, Rawson observed: "It's really pathetic, the absolute confidence a woman has in the man she loves." "Yes," responded Longwed, with a sigh, "she thinks he can do everything."

One afternoon, while a tight-rope walker was going through his performance in Chicago, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age and remarked, "Tom, don't you wish you could do that?" "Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school, and are determined that I sha'n't never be nobody!"

During the rage for "spelling bees," some years ago, a clergyman was "turned out," as it is termed, at a fashionable assembly, for spelling drunkenness with only one "n" in its termination. Shortly afterwards he returned to his parish, and found himself very coldly received by his parishioners. He sent for the parish clerk, and asked the cause. "Well, sir," replied the man, "a report has come down here that you were turned out of a great lady's house in the city for drunkenness."

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Latest Fashion Phases.

In an evening dress lately seen the skirt was of lettuce leaf-green brocade; the pointed tablier was of white silk, trimmed round the edge with two full frills of accordian-pleated pale green chiffon; below the waist were two gold and pearl passementerie ornaments; the bodice fastened over to the left side, and was made with epaulettes and pointed revers opening over a lace chemisette ornamented with small pink roses; th puckered sleeves are of chiffon, with puffs at the top.

A taking walking dress had the skirt of fern-green cloth, braided with lozenge patterns in very dark green; the short basque of the jacket, the sleeves, and up the centre of front, was braided all over with lozenge patterns; the Eton jacket of dark green velvet, trimmed round with a line of gold cord; the collar lined inside with a full puffing of chiffon, and finished in front with a bow of beaver. Toque of dark green velvet, trimmed with puffings of rose colored crinkled velvet, and dark green wings.

One of the newest skirts for ordinary wear is suitable to be made in any material, and is of moderate width; the front breadth is narrow, and is well sloped off at the top so that it sets without any rucking in front; the fulness at the back is arranged in two flat pleats; the sides are trimmed with a narrow scalloped embroidery worked on silk; this is headed by ribbon velvet, both being put on in points which may be sloped down from the front to the back, or from the back rising to the front.

Another fashionable looking walking-dress was of coffee-brown Venetian cloth; the plain skirt stitched twice up each seam; the jacket made with a long basque and ornamented with stitched straps with buttons each side; the triple revers are stitched about one inch from the edge; the neck open to show a collar-band of fancy silk with pleatings at the back; the jeweled waistband is mounted on a band of brown velvet. Hat of rather dark blue velvet, trimmed with folds of the same, puffings of chiffon and grey wings.

Never were trimmings more beautiful, and the lace, chiffon, net, and other materials which form the groundwork are ornamented in all kinds of ways with gold threads, sequins, and cut stones of various kinds—the newest of all a kind of shell.

Some of the bodices are worked all over with ribbons, while for day wear this same idea is carried out in a lattice work of black braid, worked in silk, with crossing threads in lace stitches, thereby forming a complete trimming.

Crochet silk net work is applied to the same purpose for blouses. There are blue velveteens and other dark shades worked with small motifs in white chenille, emphasised by beads and spangles.

Some of the finest makes of satin have appeared from Paris embroidered all over with roses in trailing conventional patterns. They need very little further trimming, and show up lace to great perfection. Large revers and collars worked in steel and jet would make almost any dress beautiful, while the white lisse embroidered in gold and pearls is employed alike for the front of skirts and bodices.

The new round skirt cut all in one piece has radiating rows of lace insertion from the waist, entirely covered with embroidery in sequins and silks, and this is produced in black and other colorings. It is likely to be one of the most fashionable styles for ball gowns.

Chenille is employed to represent fruit and flowers, and the lightest velvets form the groundwork of steel, silk, and gold embroidery, amethysts perhaps being the newest introduction; and there is hardly any class of embroidery, except for tailor made dresses, that does not embody at least a few small diamonds.

White spider net is much to the fore, worked in silver, pearls, and gold. A black net is a capital exemplification of the most fashionable style of embroidery; from the foot rises large sprays of tulips and leaves, the flowers in bold relief produced by iridescent sequins piled one over the other.

Five yards is about the usual width for evening skirts, and many of these have been prepared with graduated horizontal rows of embroidery at intervals, some of the fine lisse being worked thus with an embroidery of ribbon. Something quite new in the way of ornamentation is an entire bodice, pouched and full, made of the breast feathers of the Impeyan pheasant, silky and beautiful.

Ornamental buttons are to be superseded by the semblance of a jeweled buttonhole, sold in graduated sizes, to be carried down the front of bodices. Sometimes these are made in paste, sometimes in gold with other jewels, and many of them resemble the old drop earrings, only they are placed horizontally instead of perpendicularly.

Some are composed of amethysts and steel, some of steel and diamonds, others are copied from old models in a sort of lozenge shape. Some of the buckles are mounted in a new way with plain gold wire, others in antique silver are either square or lozenge shape, displaying large bosses in emeralds or amethysts.

The season's belting is particularly pretty, the gold ribbon being interwoven with floral designs after the period of Louis XVI. White and gold canvas ribbons are produced to simulate embossed leather, and the buckles for there are sold in sets for the back as well as the front.

The rococo designs are beautiful, generally mounted in antique silver. Colored pearls of all sorts now appear to be cut in facets, and play an important part in the trimmings.

Several notably handsome gowns have lately been made in London for a German princess. One dress was of the richest ivory satin; the bodice embroidered in a design of wood violets in natural coloring, each flower having in its centre a diamond dewdrop; pearl and diamante work was also introduced, and the neck is softened with a touch of rare old lace.

The sleeves were composed of folds of satin, with a fall of lace, and from the left shoulder at the back from a bow of rich pale orchid ribbon long ends fell to the hem. The skirt was embroidered up the front side seams, and in each fold all round with violets, the design in every case being varied; and round the hem and slightly up the seams a Louis XV. design was wrought in pearls, diamonds, and crystal.

A day gown was of foulard in green, black, and white, the skirt trimmed with ribbon velvet of the same colors edged on each side with ecru insertion and a narrow frill of satin ribbon. The smart bodice had a pouched vest of white lisse, was tucked on the shoulders, and trimmed like the skirt with insertion and ribbon, which formed a kind of loose yoke cut up the front. It was fastened with green enamel shamrock buttons. The sleeves were tucked and rucked, and the bodice was finished with a white satin belt and collar.

An evening gown was composed of pale primrose satin, the tight fitting bodice cut with a deep point at the waist and beautifully embroidered with diamonds and emeralds, which extended down the front seams of the skirt. The sleeves were lined with emerald green satin and edged with lace, with which the skirt was festooned and caught with knots of green velvet. With this gown the princess will wear her magnificent emerald, the largest in the world.

A smart gown was of rich opal glace, with chiffon and lace applique renaissance round the shoulders, the inner vest being of pink chiffon closely pufied. It had a pouched bodice and wide tucked silk sleeves. The skirt was trimmed below the waist with lace applique, and there were tucks about three inches above the hem, with knotted ends of silk at the side.

A dress of pale gray poplin was lined with chartreuse: the bodice was of gray velvet embroidered with diamonds, joined with gray silk guipure, showing the green satin lining. There was a V shaped yoke, worked with the tiniest tucks, lace at the back, and a bow of kilted satin at the throat, and the waist was finished with a draped belt of green satin, with a dainty bow at the side. The epaulettes were of embroidered velvet and insertion, and the sleeves, tucked about the shoulder, had lace ruffles inside mediæval cuffs.

A turquoise blue glace gown was veiled with lovely, old, deeply-tinted Honiton lace, and had a chiffon bodice with lace applique, incrusted with tiny crystals and sequins; there was a turquoise collar and sash with long ends, and rucked sleeves and epaulettes of lace.

Hat of gray felt; the brim is lined halfway with velvet, and beyond this has two lines of silk gimp; it is trimmed with ribbon velvet and ostrich feather tips.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

In reply to the question:—Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day, to do more work? Tesla, the great electrician, replied:

"There is a great mistake I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days they will last, that is the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time.

"That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

When dresses and other articles made of thick or woollen materials have become badly creased through bad packing, careless folding, or other causes, do not attempt to iron them out. The heat of the iron will in many cases make the stuff look shiny, without producing the desired effect.

Wipe them down with a damp cloth, and hang them in a cold place, such as a cellar or out-house of some description, or even just outside the window for a day or less. Then air them before wearing, and all the marks will have disappeared.

There is no doubt that an orange eaten early in the morning will cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. It is a pity that people don't make a practice of eating more fruit. Apples are excellent in many cases of illness, and are far better than salts, oils, and pills. All those of sedentary habits should eat an apple daily.

A few drops of vinegar added to the water for poaching eggs makes them set properly, and keeps the white from spreading.

To stain wood green, dissolve verdigris in hot vinegar, and, while hot, brush over the work until the desired shade is produced. Finish with copal or shellac varnish.

In invalids' rooms, where it is not always possible to open the window often enough during the day in very cold weather, a good way of changing the atmosphere in a pleasant manner is this: Pour some good eau-de-Cologne into a common plate and set it alight.

For extracting the juice of meat to make a soup or broth, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is the best, as it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling, where the juices should be retained, hard water, or soft water salted, is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.

Milk and Soup.—When milk is added to soups it must be boiling. This removes the danger of curdling, and gives a much better flavor.

Ham Butter.—Pound together the yelk of one hard-boiled egg, three ounces of cooked and minced ham, a dust of cayenne, two or three ounces of fresh butter, and rub it all through a sieve.

Some recent statistics, quoted in a scientific journal, show how gas-bills may be seriously affected by the choice of a decorating color. According to the figures given, the different values in the way of light absorbed are in the following proportions—Black cloth one hundred, dark-brown paper eighty-seven, blue paper seventy two, clean yellow paint sixty, dirty wood eighty, clean wood sixty, cartridge-paper twenty, whitewash fifteen.

Never mix two kinds of lamp oil, for the light from such mixtures is bad. To make a lamp burn brightly drop into the reservoir a pinch of camphor.

If you wish to keep the yelks of eggs fresh for a day after using the whites, cover them with water which has been well boiled and allowed to cool in a covered saucepan or kettle.

Cups often get stained from the tea that is used in them. This ugly appearance can be at once removed by using a paste made of wood ashes and water. Coal-ashes may be used, but they must be sifted carefully through wide meshed muslin before using.

To Prevent Cold Feet.—In Russia it is the custom, in order to prevent excessively cold feet, to sprinkle the bottom of the boot or shoe with ground allspice. This is easily done, and is productive only of comfort; therefore we advise readers who suffer from cold feet to give it a trial.

Baked Soup.—Cut one pound of any kind of meat into slices, add two ounces of rice, and two onions cut into slices, two carrots, and three quarts of water; put into a jar, cover it closely down, after seasoning with pepper and salt. Bake for four hours.

Orange Tapioca.—Wash and steep a cupful of tapioca, then simmer in a pint of boiling water until clear. Having peeled and seeded a dozen sour oranges—sweet ones may be used with the addition of lemon-juice—cut them in slices, and stir these into the boiling tapioca. Sweeten to taste, cook, and serve with cream or milk and sugar.

To Make Cold Cream.—Three oz oil of almonds, one-half oz spermaceti, one-fourth oz white wax. These must be melted over the fire, and poured into a marble mortar, when as much orange-flower, or rose-water, as the mixture will take up should be put in by degrees; beat it well with a silver or plated fork, and put into pots for use.

When a knife has been used to cut onions, wipe it with a damp cloth and rub it briskly with coarse salt; the objectionable smell will then entirely disappear.

A medical contemporary condemns the use of so called rice-powder for the face, on the ground of its injurious effects on the skin. Some of the rice powders are alleged to be no longer composed of rice, but of chalk, whitelead, starch, and alabaster in varying proportions.

Lime-water is admirable for cleansing milk vessels and nursing bottles.

It is said that a small cup of strong coffee, taken without milk or sugar, after eating onions, will entirely remove their taint.

Vinegar cruet-bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg-shells shaken in them with warm water. Rinse well in clear cold water.

An article that should be found in every kitchen is a vegetable brush. Lettuce, spinach, celery, and many other vegetables may be cleaned much more readily with a brush than with the hands.

A Creole Sweet. Take one loaf of stale bread and one quart of molasses. Put the frying pan upon the fire, with a lump of fresh lard the size of a walnut. Cut the bread in slices, as for toast, soak in some of the molasses, and put into the frying pan when the lard is hot, pouring some molasses over it. Let it fry well on both sides, and when the molasses begins to candy it is done. Continue this until all the bread is used. Serve cold. It is better when twenty-four hours old.

A Good Plain Cake.—Dry half a pound of flour, and when cold rub into it three ounces of dripping or lard. Add one teaspoonful of baking powder, two ounces of moist sugar, a teacupful of currants, and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Make all into a stiff batter with milk (sour if possible), and bake in a steady oven till a knife inserted into the cake will be quite bright and clean when drawn out.

Grape Water Ice.—For a gallon freezer, allow three quarts of ripe grapes, picked from their stems, then mashed and squeezed through a cloth to extract the juice; one and one-half pounds of granulate sugar, upon which pour three gills of boiling hot water. When the sugar is quite dissolved stir in the grape juice. Cool throughly, pour into the freezer and freeze it.

Potato Haricot.—Cut into pieces beef, mutton, or pickled pork, and season them with salt, pepper, and chopped onion; peel, and slice potatoes, and put them into a stone jar, in layers, with the meat, tie over the jar, set in a saucepan of water over the fire, and stew for about an hour after the water begins to boil.

Wipe the outside of the oil tank and the whole lamp perfectly dry. The oily exterior is a frequent cause of disagreeable odors.

An element never separated from morality is the satisfaction or happiness which accompanies moral action. The ideal may be regarded as consisting of worth and happiness, the happiness being consequent upon or incident to the worth attained. The relation is that of cause and effect, and therefore one is never found without the other; one is often mistaken for the other. Neither alone constitutes the moral idea. Neither alone is aimed at. They are together, like heat and light.

THE BEST.

BY E. B. O.

We watch together; but in shade and shine
You see the golden future of your ways,
And I the light that shone on vanished days;—
No; though together eyes and hearts combine
I cannot see your pictures, nor you mine.
Yet as the fire burns low, and sinks the blaze,
From the cold hearth I turn,—a moment gaze,—
And read our union in those looks of thine.

When on the hearth of Life the fire burns low
Wherein our lonely dreams and visions shone,—
When the last picture sinks with all the rest,—
Dear, may we turn as trustfully as now,
May we as gladly quit the cold hearthstone.

His Widow.

BY A. C. S.

THE little row of bonus houses was fast rising above the ground; indeed, there was little or nothing of them below ground, for foundations were out of fashion—what strength there was in the walls was gathered one from the other on the "Prop me and I'll prop thee" system.

The villas would all have electric bells and bay-windows, so what need to trouble about foundations? And as to the thickness of the walls, well a good coat of paint and a fashionable paper would put that all right!

Opposite to the new buildings stood some old fashioned cottages. No doubt, in time they would be voted an eyesore, and swept away; but as yet no one had troubled about them, and in one of these old widow Manson had begun, and trusted she might end, her days despite new-fangled notions, for she was blind, and moving would be a sad trouble.

The builders were quite accustomed to the sight of the old woman as she crept about her sunny garden, or rested on the little green gate, turning her sightless eyes towards the click of the stone-dresser's chisel, or the ring of the trowel.

But one day, in place of the old woman, there was a young and dainty girl, who moved quickly among the flowers with brisk, light step; her pink cotton gown showing bright among the bushes.

And the bricklayers looked over and anon in the direction of the cottage, and as they left work one—taller and handsomer than the rest—paused at the little gate, and eagerly scanned the windows.

But he never saw the figure in the pink gown concealed behind the curtain in the old woman's sick room, so whistling softly to himself he walked away.

Before she laid her head on her pillow that night Kathie pulled a shining gold band from her finger, and dropping it in her little trunk, turned the key.

She had come to nurse her grandmother, but it was dull at the cottage; the builders attracted her fancy—why not have a little fun?

* * * * * * *

"And you are sure you love me?"

"As sure as life itself."

"But if the parson's to be believed that's never sure!" and the girl laughed coquettishly.

"Then as sure as death," the young fellow answered solemnly. "That's sure enough to us all, Kathie. Shall I swear it?"

"No, don't swear it," she said, moving uncomfortably beneath his earnest gaze, "but"—with a mischievous glance—"you may kiss the book if you like," and she extended a plump little hand.

The young man seized it in his toil-worn palms, and drew her closer.

"And you'll marry me, Kathie? I may take that for an answer?"

"You're in a great hurry. Perhaps you'll change your mind?"

"I shall never change my mind."

"But you can't afford to keep a wife. You——"

"I can afford to keep you like a lady, Kathie. I'm making good money, and I've a bit laid by too. If only I can win your love, dear——"

"Are you sure you want it?" she glanced coyly in his face. "Love's a queer thing; perhaps your own will wither and die."

"It will never die unless you kill it, Kathie!" he exclaimed passionately. "Give me the right to prove it and I'll show you that an honest man's love does not die easy. Nothing but deceit would kill my love for you."

She colored beneath his gaze, and drew her hands from his clasp.

"Am I in too great a hurry, dear? But I love you, and I want to claim you before all the world. When shall I have my answer?"

The girl raised her blue eyes to the still bluer heavens and then let them wander over the sweet landscape; at last they rested on the rapidly growing villas close by.

"When the houses yonder are finished, and the roofs all on, then you shall have my answer."

"That's won't be long, then," he said cheerfully. "One of our fellows is ill and we're short of a hand, but once we get the place filled we shall go ahead, and then Kathie——" He paused.

"And then," she supplemented saucily, "you shall have my answer."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

Stopping quickly he pressed his lips to hers.

"Then that's a bargain," he said, "and we've sealed it with a kiss."

But Kathie hardly heard his words. She had turned—a frightened gleam in the blue eyes—and speeding up the garden path, she slammed the cottage door and that night she wrote the following letter:—

DEAR DICK,—You say you're wanting work. There is some building going on here and they're short of a hand; hadn't you better come?—KATHIE.

* * * * * * *

The work was progressing splendidly; the new bricklayer was a stalwart young fellow, with a keen, dark face and clever hands.

The master looked on approvingly as the walls grew higher and higher; before the summer was over they would be ready for tenants.

And over the way Kathie tended her dying grandmother and kept her own counsel. She hadn't been seen outside the cottage since that promise.

She wasn't happy, but day after day she said to herself, "To morrow I will tell him, to-morrow will be time enough—to morrow will be easier than to-day."

And a jealous pang stirred her lover's heart, for the new workman had found lodgings at the cottage; but he loved Kathie, and he trusted her.

"Out with it, lad—show it round, Will! Show the lady round, man!"

The words called forth a chorus of laughter, and cries of "Come on, Will."

The men were seated in the stone cutter's shed eating their dinners, for a heavy storm of wind and rain had driven them under shelter.

"Don't be bashful, mate," chimed another voice. "We're all comrades—leastways all but one," with a glance at Dick Darbisher, the new-comer. "She's a pretty lass, and we'll dance at the wedding."

Then there was a friendly scuffle, and the small photograph discovered in Will's pocket was passed round for inspection. As Darbisher's eye fell upon it he started to his feet.

"Where did you get it?" he cried hoarsely. "It's Kathie herself."

"Yes, it's Kathie!" Greyson stood up, and with a swift movement regained his treasure. He spoke quietly though the veins stood out purple on his forehead.

"She gave it to me herself. If you want to know any more, mate——"

"It's a lie!" Dick would have seized him by the throat, but the onlookers intervened.

"It's no lie," exclaimed Will hotly, "I've asked her to marry me, and she's to give me her answer when——"

"When?" Darbisher's face was gray now, and his lips ashen white.

"When these houses here are finished, if you must know;" and Kathie's lover flung from the shed, striding out into the driving rain.

Two hours later the wind had increased to a hurricane; the rain was over, the sky blue and clear, but the west wind raged with all the fury of a pent up November gale.

Some of the men had ceased work, but Greyson and Darbisher had a small piece which was almost completed, and side by side they worked in sullen silence.

All at once there was a wild cry which rose above the noise of wind and rattling timber, a hoarse shout as of human voices in peril. Darbisher sprang to his feet and threw down his trowel.

What was this? What horrible terror was upon them? The scaffolding, and he felt himself reeling in the air as he grasped blindly for help or hold.

The huge planks groaned and cracked as they loosened from their fastening to the uprights, and for a moment he knew no more.

Then he found himself bruised, and half blind with dust, lying on the ground, and close beside him lay Will Greyson. His face was hidden and if not dead he must be terribly injured, for one of the heaviest poles had fallen across him where he lay.

Scrambling to his feet and never pausing for breath, Darbisher rushed to his rescue. No, he was not dead, for though the pole was across his body the full weight of it was supported by a pile of bricks at the further end.

With almost superhuman strength Darbisher dragged away the mass of timber, heedless of all else in his efforts to save the life of the man before him.

He tenderly drew the unconscious form away from the debris of shattered scaffolding and fallen rubbish into the shelter of an almost finished wall, then he knelt beside him and eagerly chafed his hands.

What was it—what was that roar of voices—that one shriek of the wind wilder and fiercer than all others—the shout, "Take care! Take care! O God, it's falling."

He never knew what it all meant, but the tumult roused the injured man to returning consciousness, and as he bent over him Darbisher read in his eyes a great and nameless horror, a terror as of death itself.

Then there was a rumble—a crash—and a shower of falling bricks and mortar.

* * * * * * *

For nearly an hour the others worked with feverish strength and energy. The gale had abated as suddenly as it had arisen, only the ruin of bricks and scaffolding bearing testimony to its force.

And beneath that pile of bricks lay the unconscious form of Dick Darbisher. Greyson had miraculously escaped, and was now working with the rest in the almost forlorn hope of rescuing his rescuer. Were they too late?

The dark, handsome face was unscarred, and the eyes eagerly searched the group of watchers.

"Kathie! Where's Kathie—my little wife?" he murmured.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" the girl cried flinging herself beside him, "I am your little wife, your own true Kathie! Oh, Dick, Dick, it was only a joke, and I meant to tell you, indeed—indeed, I did!"

"A joke?" he queried, "I don't understand? Ah!" a flash of remembrance stirred in the dark eyes as they fell on the white drawn face of Will Greyson.

"You were to give him the answer when the building was finished. Well," with a half-drawn sob of pain, "the building will take longer finishing than they thought, and you'll be free then, Kathie!"

The men stood in silent awe as the girl's wild sobs rent the air, and it was Will Greyson who supported the dying man's head on his arm, trying to force some brandy between the white lips.

And so she was this man's wife all the time! Ah! Kathie, Kathie, you were a pretty butterfly, you meant no real harm, you were only playing with edged tools, as so many have done before you, and will do to the end of all time.

But you have broken two men's true hearts, and wrecked that fickle little toy that beat in your own foolish bosom.

* * * * * * *

The houses were finished and inhabited long ago, and the tenants have no idea of the tragedy of love and death that took place in the unfinished walls. But Will Greyson has not married Dick Darbisher's widow—and he never will.

THEY EAT NOTHING.—We occasionally hear of people who entertain very peculiar notions concerning their food. Their bill of fare seems like respectable starvation to ordinarily constituted mortals. Some eat fruit only, others brown bread, a third section cleave to stale rolls and vegetables; but, more strange still, there are mortals who never eat at all.

A shrewd business man, who left a family substantially provided for, ate no solid food for the last ten years of his life—the most active part of a very energetic career.

He supported himself on hot milk, great quantities of which he consumed during a day, having no regular hours, but calling for a glass of the life-giving fluid whenever he desired.

He kept a cow and three goats for his exclusive use, and was noted for a very clear complexion and robust form.

His wife and family were given unlimited freedom in their choice of viands; but no matter how liberally the table was decked with the season's delicacies, our subject adhered religiously to his method.

There is a wealthy private gentleman residing in a quiet suburb who consumes soup from morning to night. This soup is made of the most appetising of ingredients, its manufacture being superintended by the eccentric himself.

Ox-talls, pigeons, game, larks, chicken, and turtle are extensively employed; while every conceivable vegetable, from celery to asparagus, is added to enrich the luscious liquid. Mixed spices and seasonings give piquancy, while port or sherry in plenteous supply is called upon to render the preparation yet more tempting.

There is always a pot simmering on the range in readiness, and it is calculated that his food supply exceeds that of three average persons. He always rejects the solid portions, having the soup carefully filtered.

Never needing to call in medical aid, this manner of living is apparently well suited to him, though his example will hardly be widely imitated.

Another worthy is reported to have lived for a decade on a rich foreign cocoa; rum and guinea-fowls' eggs being stirred into the steaming beverage.

Powdered cloves were added, and sundry pieces of sugar when the mixture was ready for drinking. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, it mattered not; he called for his cup, and consumed the contents with great relish.

TAKEN IN.—Not long ago, at a Parisian restaurant, two customers were served with a dozen oysters each. Just as the last oyster was about to disappear, one of the customers put his hand to his mouth with a cry of pain.

"Ah, I nearly broke my tooth!" he said. "See, it is a pearl from the shell, and a very fine one too!"

The other took it and admired it, but did not return it.

"It is mine," he said; "the oysters were ordered at my expense."

"Oh, pardon me, but treasure belongs to the finder!"

The dispute went on civilly but obstinately, and at last Monsier Potage, the proprietor, who was hovering near, and had seen and heard all that had taken place, was called up to settle the question. He examined the pearl, admired it, and thought how it would please his wife, if handsomely mounted.

"Gentleman, it shall be valued by my neighbor, the jeweler, and I will purchase it for the price he fixes."

"Oh, as to that," cried the finder generously, "take it if it pleases you! You shall serve us with another two dozen oysters, and we are quits."

His companion agreed; the restaurateur was content. The oysters were eaten, and the customers departed. But, when the proprietor took the pearl to be set, his neighbor the jeweler smiled. It was an imitation pearl, which had never been in the shell of an oyster, and was not worth a sou.

"I Earn More Money Than My Girl Friends Who are in Business"

A young lady in Indiana, an invalid and confined to her room, writes: "No 'shut-in' need complain of being unable to earn money so long as your generous plan remains in force. It might appear as if I were working under great disadvantage, for I do all my work by correspondence, and rarely see my people personally. Yet I earn much more money than the majority of my girl friends, who are pursuing the ordinary avocations open to women."

The Ladies' Home Journal wants agents to obtain subscriptions and to look after renewals. What this girl, sick, has done, surely a healthy girl can do—and more.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Humorous.

FOUR WAYS.

GOTHAM.

At the Thespian exhibition, as you stand with meek submission, and occasionally mutter, "It is getting very late,"

The Gotham maiden, smiling, all the precious time beguiling, will at last descend to utter, "Is my hat on straight?"

PHILADELPHIA.

When the Philadelphia maiden, with her lofty mind o'erladen by a pedigree that's dated back from old man Penn direct,

Trips to greet you while you're waiting, she will stagger you by stating in a voice well modulated, "Is my bonnet quite correct?"

CHICAGO.

When the Lake-side girl is ready, first she looks at you quite steady, and with scarcely any heeding how the minutes take their flight,

With Chicagoese persistence, which admits of no resistence, she inquires in accents pleading, "Is my topknot out of sight?"

BOSTON.

But the Boston girl smiles sweetly as she floors the rest completely, and you're filled with consternation when you hear her gently say,

As she makes a few more passes, and she readjusts her glasses, "Is my upper decoration horizontally au fait?"

What is the only thing that can live in a fire?—A live coal.

The man who does the most business on earth.—The gardener.

Domestic magazines.—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

Why is a tight boot like a warm summer?—Because it hastens the growth of the corn.

People are often advised to put the best foot forward. But what is to be done with the other?

Ethel, full of curiosity: "What did you do when he proposed?"

May, calmly: "I lost my self-possession at once."

"Do you know a good tonic for nervous persons, Simpkins?"

"No; what I want to find is a good tonic for people who have to live with them."

Myra: "That Miss Beare puts on a great deal of style when she goes to the opera."

Minnie: "Well, good gracious! The woman's got to put on something."

She, most severely: "A man is known by the company he keeps."

He, very sadly: "A woman is never really known by anybody."

She: "Why does that piano sound first loud and then soft when your sister plays it?"

He: "Well, you see, she is learning to ride a bike, and uses the pedals alternately from force of habit."

Neighbor, given to chatter: "Little pitchers have long ears."

Neighbor, not given to chatter: "True; but it wouldn't matter so much if the big pitchers hadn't such long tongues!"

She: "It was just three years ago to-night that you proposed."

He: "Now, what did you want to bring that up for on the only night of the week that I have away from business?"

Katie: "Mamma, I's found de place where dey make horses."

Mamma: "Indeed?"

Katie: "Yes, mamma. I seed a man in a big shop, an' he was just finishin' one, an' was nailin' on his foot."

Papa: "So Emily [illegible] now stands at the head of her class in French?"

Mamma: "Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders the more correctly."

"Who is that lank party with the medals?" asked the drummer.

"That is our town champion," the rural grocer explained. "He has got his picture in the papers more times for bein' cured of more different diseases than any man in the country."

Stage Manager: "Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo."

Mr. Heavy: "I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?"

Stage Manager: "Immensely. You die in the first act."

Lawyer A: "What do you think of taking Snowden's case? He doesn't seem to have much chance to sustain his allegations, but he has lots of money he is willing to put into the trial. Come, what do you say? You have looked into the matter. Has he a good case?"

Lawyer B: "I think we have. You say he has plenty of money."

"I heard ye were on strike," said Mike to his friend Pat.

"I was that," answered Pat.

"A strike for what, Pat?"

"For shorter hours, Mike."

"An' did ye get them?"

"Sure we did, Mike. It's not workin' at all I am now."

TO LOOK FOOLISH.

It has been remarked that, no matter how out-of-the-way may be the particular talent that you possess, there is somewhere a market for it.

Whether this holds good in every case has yet to be proved; but, at any rate, there is in some quarters quite an active demand for persons who have the appearance of fools.

In a certain police court case a simple-looking youth was a material witness. His employer, a pawn-broker, also went into the box, and he explained, with reluctance, that he kept a clerk with a lamb-like cast of countenance on purpose.

He had, indeed, offered him a dollar a week rise to leave another situation. "People get alarmed if they see sharp, keen-looking clerks about," declared the wily master.

A man with a paintully innocent expression on his face is retained as outside porter by a certain big wholesale and retail house.

To him falls the duty of taking goods home; and where customers are unknown his instructions frequently are: "Don't leave them without the money."

Perhaps the customer will say: "Thank you; they are quite right," and turn away as if concluding the interview. But the porter, his face shining with the intelligence of a paving stone, waits stolidly on.

"I will call and settle the account," says another customer. The porter gives quite a start of surprise. Such a thing he appears never to have even heard of. "Couldn't go back without the money," he says, slowly shaking his head. In despair the customer pays up.

Next time a visit is paid to the shop a complaint is lodged. "Ah! our man is such a fool," it is explained. Well, it pays both employer and employe that the latter shall appear so.

On the outskirts of a country fair a ramshackle and much patched tent was erected, adorned with huge bills announcing startling attractions. So tremendous, indeed, was the programme, that a quarter a head was charged for admission.

The roomy erection was quickly packed, and the crowd were soon clamoring for the show to begin. The minutes went by and still no performer appeared.

"Is it a sell?" queried someone.

"Don't look like it," answered another. "There's old wooden-head taking the money at the door still."

After a further wait some of the crowd stepped back to the stolid-looking individual referred to and began to question him.

"I dunno what's up," said he vacantly. "The gentleman only engaged me 'arf an hour ago to take the money. 'E come and fetched it away a minute back and said he was just a-goin' on."

They waited a little longer; and then, realizing that they had been out-done, started pulling the tent about and breaking open the pay box at the door. It contained only one or two dimes. "Turn his pockets out," came a yell, and the silly-looking doorkeeper was seized.

"Don't hurt him. He ain't done nothing," someone cried; and so quite delicately the victim was relieved of the little he had, and the proceedings wound up with the wrecking of the tent.

After nightfall the wooden head who had taken the money at the door packed up the remains of the canvas structure, and started to rejoin his employer at the next halting place.

Though perhaps hardly appearing a fool, not a little of the success of one smart detective is set down to the simple ingenuousness of his expression. "When he is really on the track," says one of his colleagues, "he looks about as wicked as a baby."

A clever schemer who preyed upon quite a number of business houses achieved a great part of his success by the aid of very mild-looking lady clerks.

People calling at his office—he was always out—were received by gentle-mannered simple young ladies, who gave callers the impression that there seemed nothing of a swindle about the business. The ingenious employer even refused to allow his young ladies to wear fringe; and, as a rule, he engaged female assistants who wore spectacles.

WOMAN AS MEASURED.—The question has often been asked, "What is the correct measurement of the woman as idealised in art?" An authority upon this matter says:—

Measuring the woman's height by the celebrated Venus de Milo, a perfect woman should be 5 feet 5 inches. A woman of 5 feet 6 inches should be 138 pounds in weight, or even 140 if she is otherwise well-formed and in good proportion. With extended arms she should measure 5 feet 5 inches from tip to tip of middle fingers. That is exactly the same measurement across the arms as is found in her height.

Her hand should measure one-tenth of her height, and her foot one-seventh of the same. The distance from the elbow to the middle of her chest should be identical with that from the elbow to her middle finger."

Mrs. S. T. Rorer

Several months ago commenced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a new series of Cooking Lessons, simple and practical in every detail. Mrs. Rorer's series of articles upon "Markets and the Household" gives the most practical information obtainable.

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia